

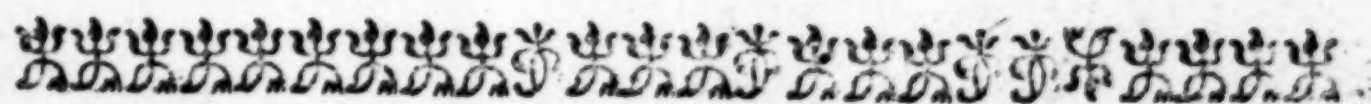
Agenor and Ismena ;

O R, T H E

W A R

O F T H E

TENDER PASSIONS.





Agenor and Ismena;

OR, THE

W A R

OF THE

TENDER PASSIONS.

A

N O V E L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Translated from the FRENCH.

Amicitias immortales esse oportet. T. Liv.

V O L. I.



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THE
WAR
OF THE
TENDER PASSIONS.

A SPASIA and Chelonida were united in their infancy by the most tender friendship; which was not diminished by the hatred, that a jealous ambition caus'd, between Leof-tines and Magacles their husbands. They

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were both delivered the same day of two daughters; that of Aspasia was named Cloe, that of Chelonida Ismena.

Cloe and Ismena, brought up together, loved one another from their cradle: they could not bear to be seperated: their amusements their pleasures were the same. Reason, at length, came to knit the bands which sympathy had tied.

Both of them were handsome. Cloe had more vivacity than Ismena; Ismena had more softness than Cloe. The eyes of Cloe darted fire and disorder into the soul; those of Ismena created pleasure and delight. Each of them had an enchanting air, with innumerable graces to embellish it. Their dispositions were of a piece with their persons; that of Cloe



was smart and lively ; that of Ismena mild and gentle : but nature, in forming their hearts, even out-did herself ; she made them sincere, tender, generous and constant.

They were utter strangers to dissimulation. The language of their lips was the language of their hearts. They were not envious of each others beauty ; neither of them were delighted but with the praises that were bestowed upon the other. In fine their friendship even triumph'd over love.

I part from you, my dear Ismena, said Cloe one day to her beloved friend ; I am going far from Athens ; but my friendship is your surety for my quick return. I have consulted the oracle of Venus, concerning my unfortunate passion for the un-

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grateful Agenor : the goddess commanded me to go to Paphos, and there to offer up a sacrifice to her son. I obey—But my heart presages nothing but misfortunes, Alas ! if love be not satisfied with my sighs and tears, let him even take my life, for I am weary of it.

Is this, ungrateful Cloe, interrupted Ismena ; is this the friendship you flatter me with ? you promise me a quick return, and then you talk of dying ! Alas ! a mother borne down with age, retains me here at Athens ; without this sacred tie, Ismena would not bear this cruel separation.

Cloe, deeply affected with these words, embraced Ismena ; promised not to abandon herself to despair, then took her leave and departed.

Ismena weeping, followed with her eyes the fatal ship which robb'd her of her friend: laden with grief she then returned to Athens. The hopes of seeing Cloe again was now her only comfort. She every day visited the sea-side. Each vessel seemed to bring her back her friend.

A year elapsed since the departure of Cloe; Ismena sent to Paphos; Cloe had not been seen there: Ismena wept for Cloe's fate, and soon had cause to lament her own.

One day, when she went to the sea-side, according to her usual custom, some strangers seized her: her cries could not put a stop to their outrages. These strangers were pirates, who forc'd her on board their ship. Her beauty had struck

them with astonishment. Their chief, on seeing her, cried out, "Let us make immediately for Persia, and be contented with our prize, lest it be taken from us." At these words, the sailors, scattered on the beach, assembled and returned to their ship; then speedily weighed anchor, and soon were out of sight of Athens.

Ismena retired to a private part of the ship, to reflect upon the horror of her fate. Her face covered with tears, added new lustre to her beauty. The pirates admired her, and partook her grief.

A young man, whom Ismena had not before perceiv'd, approach'd her. Dry up your tears, said he, thou beautiful Ismena: Those lovely eyes were never made for

weeping: the gods will protect you; you are their most perfect work. Ismena, astonished, beheld this youth, and found it was Agenor, Cloe's ungrateful lover. What agitations seized on fair Ismena's heart! A sudden joy invaded all her soul. But her friendship for Cloe recalled it to its proper limits.

What Agenor! said she, are you in chains? Oh! speak, and add to my misfortunes.

How sweet, cry'd Agenor, are these expressions! I perceive, in those bright eyes, a dawn of hope which elevates my soul! Can Ismena then destroy it? I love you, and you know it.—Do you not remember the fatal day, in which I found I was belov'd by Cloe? that was the birth-

day of my miseries—since long before my heart had burn'd for you. The sorrowful division of our parents deprived me of all opportunity of speaking to you ; but I did not think you had inherited their hatred : encouraged by my passion, I waited for a favourable moment to acquaint you with the situation of my soul,

You were at the temple of Diana, your mother strictly observ'd you : I drew near to Cloe ; my ardour, my emotion was visible in my countenance : Cloe mis-constructed it ; she wish'd to be lov'd, and she imagin'd I lov'd her. I was about to declare to her my passion for you, but she prevented me.

I understand you, Agenor, said she to me. I have so often wish'd to find in

your eyes the passion which now appears there, that I cannot be insensible of it. But the temple is an improper place to discourse of these things: the gods will punish us if we thus divide our incense: to-morrow I shall depart with Ismena: not far from Athens I have a pleasant rural seat, will you accompany us thither?

The astonishment into which Cloe's words had plunged me, would not permit me to undeceive her; the happiness she offered me bound up my tongue: I was to see Ismena, and have a favourable opportunity to declare to her the violence of my passion; how then could I refuse to accept the only happiness which I desired: Cloe, said I, I will be obedient to your desires.

Ask me not to tell you, beautiful Isme-

na, the various transports, by which I was agitated. Joy and hope were at first the invaders of my soul; but their sway was of short duration, and the most racking uneasiness succeeded them. I knew how much you lov'd Cloe. What an obstacle to my happiness! When I gaz'd on you during the sacrifice, your eyes were always fix'd on her. Love sparkled in them; my agony was redoubled; I went out from the temple.

You know, Ismena, with what eagerness I flew the next day to Cloe. You beheld my trouble. Cloe was afraid to express her own: my silence and confusion seem'd yet to appear for the love of Cloe, who was as confus'd and silent as myself. You had compassion on our embarrassment,

and your compassion serv'd but to augment it. You left me with your friend ; you transported my soul ; I was almost annihilated. Do I deceive myself, Agenor, said Cloe ?—No, you love me, you yesterday convinced me of it ; my heart divines it. Be satisfied ; you are belov'd again ; I am in my own power, and can dispose of myself to you : our union will be happy. Ismena departed to give you an opportunity of declaring yourself.

At this name so charming to my soul, I came to myself. My love, my honour compell'd me to break silence, it was become criminal. How grievous are my misfortunes, said I ! You offer me an happiness of which I am unworthy : I admire your perfection ; you merit adoration :

but I cannot offer you those transports of which my heart is not the master. Punish me, but pardon an unfortunate wretch, who is perhaps more to be pitied than yourself.

You know, Ismena, the effect which these words had upon the amiable Cloe. The condition in which I saw her still rents my soul. I did not dare confess the passion with which you inspir'd me; I would not overwhelm her. You had not so much compassion for me.

You resided with Cloe, I was far from her: you came to me to reproach me for my ingratitude. You desired to know whether Cloe had a rival; I confess'd to you that I lov'd, and my eyes said you were the object; you understood them;

the confusion in which I saw you, convinced me of it: I even dar'd to flatter myself with it, but how dearly have I paid for that moment of hope!

Hold Agenor! cried you, proceed no further: You love, and yet you love not Cloe; acquaint me with nothing more: I know too much already for a friend of Cloe: fly therefore an house which you have filled with alarms, and never present yourself before me but as Cloe's lover.

After these words you left me; I continued motionless: I was willing to obey you: I was desirous of banishing myself from the fatal residence, and I could neither go, nor support the weight of my misfortunes. At length my respect for you

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reanimated my strength, and I quitted Cloe's house.

You see, Ismena, that neither your image, or the remembrance of your rigour are yet effaced: my love and grief have engraven them in my soul: in vain have I since strove to speak to you; you avoided me: Cloe could not tear you from my heart. She left Athens, but her absence did not render me more happy; you accus'd me of it, you punish'd me for it, you became more invisible to me: in fine, I thought you cruel: I determined to fly you, and cure my passion. I was at Magara, at Sparta, and even wandered into Greece; but I carried every where the fatal darts, which never ceased to tear me.

I return'd to Athens, more enslaved than ever by your charms; I found out the place you daily visited to wait for Cloe; thither I repaired; I heard your cries, and hastened to defend you: I saw the pirates drag you on board this ship: I alter'd my intention; instead of engaging with your ravishers, I suffer'd myself to fall into their hands; I knew it was not in my power to save you, and that my life would be of service to you: I voluntarily accepted chains to make yours set easy: I told the pirates that I was your brother; they will not separate us: they will sell you to the king of Persia, fair Ismena, they apprehend your despair; I have promised to appease it; and doubtless, if you love me, I shall be able to effect it.

Agenor's ardor pleased Ismena. His discourse had affected her. Agenor, cried she, how much am I indebted to you ! I am not ungrateful, I must needs confess it, you make me forget my sufferings, and I think of nothing now but what you have done for me. Ah ! Cloe, you may now impeach my fidelity. Yes, Agenor, I love you, the same dart has wounded us both ; but can I then afflict my Cloe : she made me the confident of her passion for you, and the ties of friendship ought ever to be deemed inviolable : how many tears have they not cost me ! and how dear have I paid with remorse for the confession I have just now made you. I ought to deny myself an happiness which would be fatal to Cloe. You pass now for my

brother, continue so to do, let friendship unite us: I will endeavour to soften your misfortunes, you will make me forget mine: and if the gods shall one day bring us back to Athens, if we find Cloe there, still burning with the same fires, I will return to the temple of Diana: Ismena will not devote herself but to Agenor or the gods.

It is impossible to conceive the various sentiments of Agenor: he gazed on Ismena, his ears swallowed every word, and yet hardly dared to believe the meaning they conveyed. Ismena's determination would have afflicted him; but he saw himself admired; and he knew that every one must soon or late yield up to love.

Slavery, tho' a frightful prospect, did

not alarm him for himself, he was alarm'd but for Ismena : a tender lover thinks only of the beloved object.

Agenor was always with Ismena ; he spent his days in her company, and watch'd every night to secure her from ills : he was not without fear : for the pirates were enamour'd with the beauty of Ismena ; but they defended themselves from the power of her charms ; they opposed their interest to their desires, and interest is the reigning passion in abject souls.

A proper room was allotted to Ismena ; she was treated with respect ; Agenor was released from his chains, and suffered to accompany her ; Ismena had not been chain'd. They wish'd for a change in their fortune ; a thousand unforeseen ac-

cidents, said they, may put an end to our slavery: misfortunes have sometimes intermission.

Three days were elaps'd since they set sail from Athens: they appear'd short to Agenor and Ismena. Their wishes were very different from those of travellers in general; they dreaded the end of the voyage.

A frightful tempest arose; thick clouds covered the heavens; violent and contrary winds hurl'd us in the most imminent danger; night added to the horror; the pirates were employed in striving to defend themselves against the fury of the waves. Agenor ran to Ismena, he found her trembling and affrighted; she threw herself in his arms: Ah! my dear Agenor, cried

she, can nothing then preserve us? we are about to become a prey to the angry billows. Alas! tis I that am the cause of your destruction; why did you follow me in this fatal vessel? did I not fear for you, so far from being o'er-whelm'd with horror and despair, I should look upon this frightful ship-wreck as a favour from the heavens. Great God! take my life, or save my dearest Agenor's.

Add not to my grief, my dear Ismena, reply'd Agenor, by a wish so cruel. It will not be accomplish'd: if I cannot preserve you from the arms of death, I will follow you to his dark abode. I will conjure the god of night never to separate us: he will grant me my petition; he knows the power of love.

Agenor, in speaking thus, dried up Ismena's tears ; he tenderly embraced her ; he soon forgot the danger ; his transports had lifted him above fear. Is there a passion that can long defend itself against the attacks of love ?

Ismena at first was agitated and perplex'd, but after some moments of silence, she cried out, 'Leave me Agenor !....leave me....What would you make Ismena false, perfidious ! Ah ! Cloe,.....No I will die without remorse. Agenor was afraid to take the advantage of words to effect his conquest ; real love, however ardent, creates an awful dread.

Our two lovers did not perceive the danger they were in. They were too much engaged with the tempest in their

own breasts. They imagined they were the only persons in the universe; night and love had covered them with their wings: the ship was however the sport of the winds and waves. By turns it almost touch'd the heavens, then sunk into an abyfs of water. The noise of clashing billows, and repeated claps of thunder made horror still more horrible. To this the affrighted pirates added their mournful cries. Ismena and Agenor were intoxicated with love. What could they fear? The god who inspired them made them happy in this scene of horror. He made them bid death defiance. Virtue alone was proof against it in fair Ismena's heart. But too strong a combat had enfeebled her, when the ship by the winds, was dash'd

against a rock. The pirates plung'd into the sea, and made vain efforts to preserve themselves; some by swimming, others by seizing on the masts and planks; but they all perish'd. That part of the ship, on which was Agenor and Ismena, wandered some moments with the waves; then run aground upon a bank of sand at the side of a rock.

My dearest Ismena, cried Agenor, the excess of our love has affected the gods. Let us make a proper use of their benefits: I see that I can save you: hope rekindles in my soul: let us make haste to ascend the rock; I believe it not inaccessible: day which begins to appear will assist us: but, above all, let us take care that the winds do not plunge us again into the sea.

Agenor and Ismena alighted from their ruins of the ship upon the bank of sand. With extreme difficulty they got up to the top of the rock; and here it was that Agenor experienc'd the most alarming agoinies. Notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to support Ismena, she was so fatigued and feeble, that he every moment expected to see her fall into the sea. The the rock was too steep to suffer them to stop without danger. Agenor despaired of obtaining the summit; at length however he arrived there.

The storm was entirely dissipated; a fine sunshine day succeeded a most tempestuous night. Agenor and Ismena saw with surprize that a mountain exceeding fertile was joined to the rock, which form'd
a kind

a kind of plain, incompass'd with a palisade of thick trees: a spring of clear water refreshing it, a verdant green, flowers, and fruits, combin'd to embellish this delightful place.

Agenor began to recover breath: what a delicious place is this, said he! the gods who have preserv'd us, have conducted us hither; let us thank them, and repose ourselves. Ismena made no answer. Agenor attempted to embrace her; she fell into his arms, speechless and inanimate.

What a situation was this for Agenor, how could he afford Ismena succour! he strove in vain with embraces to bring her back to life. Ismena no longer breath'd; Agenor, hopeless, pierced the heavens

with his cries : he lamented his fate in the most pathetic terms : he was resolv'd to die ; he ran to throw himself into the sea : he was stop'd, and found himself in Cloe's arms.

Cloe had been a witness of the transports of her lover ; Agenor had not seen her ; he saw nothing but Ismena. Live for Ismena, said Cloe to Agenor : Ismena perhaps still breathes ; let us hasten to her assistance.

The speedy endeavours of Agenor and Cloe recalled to life Ismena. How great was her surprize ! she gazed attentively upon her friend and lover : her wandering eyes declared the disorder of her mind : where am I, said she ? but do I not see him ! death has again united us : thou wilt know,

my dear Cloe, how far my weakness has carry'd me. In hell all things are known. Pardon me, I will render thee Agenor. The gods, and my just remorse shall revenge thee. They have commanded me to resign to you, the only happiness of my soul.

Ah! my dear Ismena, cried Agenor, I can be only yours: thou art not dead: I thought you was, and went to follow you. Cloe has saved me from my fury. Let her, for the recompence of this benefit, repay herself with the most tender friendship. Agenor burns but for Ismena.

This discourse of Agenor, and the miserable state to which it reduced Cloe, brought Ismena to herself. You love me, said she to Agenor, and yet you would be

the death of my friend: I will die with her. Be comforted, dearest Cloe; Agenor oweth thee his life; he oweth thee his heart, I ought to resign it to thee.

No, Ismena, interrupted Cloe, I will not procure the misery of all that's dear to me: I admire your virtue; my heart is convinced of your friendship. You would resign me a lover that adores you, and that you adore, but it is my business to suppress a passion which would obstruct your happiness: however, at the present, follow me, you want refreshment.

Cloe conducted Ismena and Agenor into a grotto, appearing to be form'd by nature only; which could not be excelled by the finest workmanship of art. It was an hollow cut in a rock, a kind

of a cupola covered it, and formed an opening which rendred light agreeable and not too strong; it was hung with verdant moss, delightful tapestry: turf curiously embellished with flowers, were the seats which nature had provided for them. Cloe had fix'd her residence in this enchanting grotto; she had that very day gather'd on the mountain, some delicious fruits, such as were not to be found in other climates.

Love had never united more tender lovers or more faithful friends; and never were hearts, so firmly join'd, so penetrated with sorrow. A silent sadness reigned throughout the grotto; at length Ismena broke it. To what my dear Cloe, said she, am I indebted for your dear pre-

sence ; who conducted you here ? tell me every thing that has happen'd to you since the fatal day which seperated us ; you shall be satisfied, replied Cloe, immediately.

The gods can testify, my dear Ismena, the grief which seized me when I parted from you ; it augmented that sorrow which I thought was already arrived to the greatest excess.

How miserable are we ! how extremely miserable ! o'er-whelm'd with the most poignant grief. When we think ourselves arrived at the very summit of misfortunes ; our woes can still increase : is misery then our proper element ? and is happiness incompatible with our souls.

I was sorrowful and dejected in the ship which separated me from you. Every

Occurrence encreased my uneasiness. The waves of the sea painted the agitations of my soul. The joy of some of the passengers, created in me a sentiment of envy which even tore my heart. Those who appeared sorrowful, excited my compassion for them and myself. They redoubled my grief. At length I became motionless like an inanimate, and continued so half a day, when a venerable old man came and accosted me thus.

What a shameful submission ! said he to me with a low voice ; the gods disdain a cowardly soul. If you would excite their attention and merit their assistance, you must address them with petitions. They have however had compassion on you. As soon as night has drawn her sable curtain

over the heavens ; a boat will come for us ; it will conduct us to Paphos, but not in the usual channel : the side of the island where we shall land is unknown, and inaccessible to those whom the gods will not deign to protect. At these words, I continued silent with astonishment and fear : Be not alarmed, replied the old man, I am the priest of the temple of love ; that god has appeared to me this night ; he has revealed to me your passion for Agenor, and your intention of coming to Paphos : In fine he transported me to this ship. Ah ! Cloe, what happiness is in store for you ! What pleasures is love preparing !

Thus spake the old man : persuasion sat upon his lips ; I promised to attend him. My heart was filled with joy :—

Night arrived, the boat appear'd, the old man and I went into it. I thought the people in the ship did not perceive our flight: the old man assured me we were invifible.

You are surprized at my fimplicity, my dear Ifmena! do you not confider that misfortunes will obfcure the mind, and that our wifhes render us credulous? I was in the boat alone with the old man; I did not apprehend any danger: fear could not get poffeffion of my foul, it was wholly occupied with ftronger paffions: befides, as I revered the gods, I knew that to them nothing was impoffible.

Our boat did not fail a great while before it joined to a fhip which night had obfcured from my eyes: a frightful tempeft

threatens us, said the old man, let us enter into this ship to preserve ourselves.

At these words I felt a just suspicion rising in my breast. Let us remain in this boat, said I, which love has sent us, what have we to fear, since he protects us?

I continued to speak ; the boat was already full of barbarians ; they carried me, notwithstanding my cries, on board the vessel ; the old man followed me. I loaded him with reproaches. Villain, said I to him, you jest with the gods, but they will punish you for it. It is you alone, replied he, who have the disposal of my fate ; you can render me happy or miserable : pardon me beautiful Cloe, tis love, the same fire with which you consume, that

makes me guilty. But, do not alarm yourself ; it is not an enfeebled old man that I would present to you, but my son, who has felt the power of your charms : he has seen you at Athens : he adores you ; but his awe commanded silence ; his mournful fate conducted him one day to you and fair Ismena : he heard you talk, and found you lov'd Agenor. Despair possess'd his soul, his health and strength decay'd.

Perceiving my son's decline, I resolved to speak to you in his behalf. I was acquainted with your design of going to Paphos, I guess'd the motive of it, for I knew the excess of your passion : I flattered myself that you would excuse the same excess in my son ; but the youth had too much respect for you to permit me to

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make him a confidant in the project I had form'd. He entreated me to quit Athens, that he might shorten, by your absence, a life which was insupportable to him : I consented to his departure ; he went on board a ship which belong'd to me ; I had an interview with the captain of that which was to convoy you to Paphos ; a sum of money won him to my wishes ; he promised he would suffer you to be taken from the ship. Our two ships sailed the same day. You now, fair Cloe, behold yourself in mine. Agenor is an ungrateful wretch ; my son is amiable : continue to love, but change your lover. If you will, you may be happy ; I am a Persian, Ogyris is my country ; my fortune and distinction will answer your utmost wishes. But let us

pay a visit to my son; he is perhaps, at this moment, invoking death; come bring him back to life!

The old man's discourse threw me into the most terrible situation. I was unable to utter a single word. I suffer'd myself to be drag'd into this new lover's chamber. He was seated upon a bed, supporting his head with his arm. His melancholy was so profound that he took no notice of us.

Artes, said the old man to him; behold Cloe, whom love hath sent thee: at these words he recover'd from his lethargy, saw me, and threw himself at my feet. He strove to speak, but his extacy would not permit him. How was my soul toss'd with different agitations! Anger, shame, and grief rack'd me by turns: I

could not resist their efforts; I fell, motionless, in the arms of Arses; I continued some time in a swoon; and when I recover'd I found myself in a bed surrounded with slaves. Arses was on his knees before me, his eyes flow'd with tears; but his grief had no effect upon me; I was under too much concern for myself.

What ! barbarian ! said I to Arses, must thou use violence to make thyself beloved ? are these your terms of love ? O ye gods ! is this a lover for Cloe, go ! let me tear myself from thy arms ! Cloe is not afraid of death ; she prefers it to the horror of being thine.

Madam, replied Arses, I am more deserving of your pity than your anger. I make you unhappy ; you think me guilty. I a-

dore you, but my respect is equal to my love: my father has made me appear criminal; he has just now told me the deceit which he has practiced: I was about to punish him for it by plunging a dagger in my bosom; but he found means to prevent it: he swore by the glorious sun, that you should not one hour survive me. This solemn oath has made me tremble for you. Madam, I will live but to preserve your life: I will live to restore you that liberty which has been unjustly ravish'd from you; and then I shall be contented to die, rather than be for ever the object of your hatred. You shall be treated with honour madam: deign therefore to feign a little, that my father see not all your grief, nor all your hatred for

me: he would be insensible to your tears; he would observe them, and I should not be able to redress you; but, as soon as we arrive in Persia, you shall have your liberty. Arses will send you to your native country, and you will find that a barbarian knows how to love, and how to sacrifice himself to what he loves.

This discourse of Arses appeased me; however I still doubted; my credulity had already cost me dear; but the soul of Arses shone forth in his eyes.

Arses was an amiable figure; his face was striking, his air genteel and noble. Generosity and sincerity appeared in his countenance. I begg'd him to leave me; he retired.

I was now left to my own thoughts;

and shall I tell it you Ismena, without blushing at my weakness! I thought of nothing but Agenor. Why has he not the heart of Arses, said I to myself! The ingrate would have met with a different fate from that of his rival. Great god of love, wound him with the same arrows with which thou hast wounded Arses! What avails it to me to be loved by any other than Agenor? these were the ideas I then entertain'd; I form'd a thousand wishes; but never those of loving Arses, and forgetting Agenor. Your absence, my dear Ismena, still arose in my memory to augment my woes.

The Persians are generous friends, but implacable enemies. I was afraid of enraging Boranes Arses's father. Boranes

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was fierce, absolute in his resolutions, violent when he was offended or resisted, but generous and honest. He had however employed perfidy and falshood against me ; but it was his regard for his son which hurl'd him into that excess. How many are there who would think their crimes erased by sentiments so praise-worthy.

I suppress'd my sorrow before Boranes ; Arses was it's only victim. You talk to me of your love, said I to him, be you, in your turn, the confident of my sufferings. You must now no longer hope, to hope in vain would but augment your woes. I convers'd of Agenor with Arses ; I reminded him of his promises ; he repeated them ; I promised an eternal friendship.

We had a very happy voyage; we arrived at Ogyris; we were received by the inhabitants of that island with acclamations of joy: Arses was beloved there. his mother congratulated my arrival with the utmost tenderness and respect she allotted me a magnificent apartment. A person of the most delicate taste could not but be delighted with it: The Persians are as voluptuous as magnificent.

My chamber window opened towards the sea. This prospect excited in me a thousand reflections. I meditated upon the immense space which separated me from Agenor and Ismena. I reflected on the means of rejoining them, but could not determine on any thing; but the esteem which the character of Arses had

given birth to in my heart, in some measure removed my fears. Amestris, the niece of Boranes, came to visit me, she conducted me to a delicious bath, the slaves uncover'd us ; the eyes of Amestris were fixed upon me. Sorrow appeared to be painted there : I thought she look'd upon me with envy ; this idea is the first which self-love bestows.

After the bath, I was conducted into a beautiful garden ; it was situated on the sea-side ; nature and art had done their utmost to out vie each other in it's embellishments. The most curious and uncommon flowers were there assembled, and sorted with the greatest taste and elegance : the air was aromatic : the beautiful walks environ'd with thick trees, in

many places rendered the sun impenetrable ; which gave to autumn the appearance of spring : the curious fountains both astonished and delighted : a number of statues were erected there which seem'd almost animate ; and which were ranged with the utmost symmetry and proportion : in fine it was a master-piece of art and nature.

Supper was serv'd up in a grove of jessamin and roses. A refinement of the most exquisite taste was display'd in the delicious banquet we were presented with. Gold glitter'd on the table ; the side-board was set out with the most excellent Grecian wine.

In fine, every thing concurr'd to excite in quiet souls that delight which enflames the senses, and which so frequently resembles that which proceeds from the heart.

Boranes strove to inspire us with that satisfaction, which he himself enjoyed ; but he was unable to make it penetrate into our souls. I was plung'd into an excess of sorrow : my dejection affected Arses ; Amestris beheld us with eyes flowing with tears. What demon, jealous of my happiness, cried Boranes, troubles and dismays you ! has Cloe deceiv'd us, does she make you uneasy, said Boranes, addressing himself to Arses ; speak my child ? we are not to be thus contemn'd.

No father, replied Arses, Cloe does not contemn us ; my heart is satisfied concerning hers ; the thoughts of her native country employs her : we must, by our respect and regard, endeavour to make her forget it.

You see, madam, replied Boranes, the

very heart of Arses; I perceive how dear he pays for his dissimulation. Ah! Cloe, you are still blinded with an unjust passion; you see notwithstanding that we have here every thing to anticipate your wishes. Arses is as amiable as Agenor, and he loves you too. Your wedding shall be celebrated with the most brilliant entertainments; I have ordered them to be prepared: in the space of eight days you must bestow your hand on Arses.

These words struck me like a thunderbolt; Arses partook of my anguish; and so far was he from being pleased with the resolution of Boranes, that it augmented his uneasiness: how noble and generous were his sentiments! he that was master of such amiable qualities, knew

how to force his way through the most tumultuous passions.

Our own situation had hindered us from observing that of Amestris: she grew exceedingly pale. I am suddenly taken ill, said she, speaking to Marthesia, the mother of Arses; I must retire to my apartment; I have need of rest. Amestris went out; a few minutes after, I followed her. I found her on the bed, I sat myself down by her bed-side. I thought she loved Arses, and wanted to inform myself: I was presently satisfied.

Well madam, said she to me; you are afraid of being united to Arses: you despise him whom the gods have taken pains to render amiable; what misfortunes do you produce! Alas! since you have stolen
from

from me the heart of Arses, esteem a gift so precious. Be you the price of his inconstancy ; make but my lover happy, and I shall die without regret.

These words of Amestris astonished me ; I was sorry to learn the heart of Arses was capable of infidelity : I did not love Arses, but the esteem I had for him, appear'd then to be upon an ill foundation. My self-love was piqued at it. We none of us choose to be deceived.

After a few moment's reflection, I said to Amestris : These are the gods, madam, which have rendered me insensible to the flames of Arses ; their will is to make you happy. I shall never be his. Be comforted ; my indifference join'd with your love and charms will bring you back the heart of Arses.

Amestris could not conceal the joy with which these words inspired her ; she return'd me thanks with transport : I requested her not to mention what I said to Boranes, and took my leave of her.

I found Arses waiting for me in my apartment. Are you not afraid of me, said he ? I am the cause of your misfortunes ; but I will punish myself severely for it ; I will convey you back to Athens, or end my hated days. My life is odious to me because it vexes you.

Arses, said I to him, you can procure me my liberty without exposing yourself to the anger of Boranes ; give back your heart to Amestris, ask her of Boranes : he had rather you were united to his niece than me. Amestris is worthy of you ; you have thought her amiable. If you

had been constant, what miseries would you have avoided. Amestris has told me this, continued I,—nay blush not Arses; your return to her will efface your levity, and you will regain my esteem; for I confess your inconstancy has diminished it.

I know too well the arts of vile Amestris, replied Arses: you are ignorant of the art of dissimulation; you are still a greater stranger to perfidy. Hearts, made like yours, know only justice and sincerity. Blood has united me to Amestris; I ought not therefore to publish the blackness of her soul. An unjust prejudice would reflect upon us the shame of our relations; but it is necessary that you should know Amestris, that you may be enabled

to guard against her : besides, as you are equitable, you know that we ought to blush but at our own crimes ; Arles can swear to you that he will never be ashamed ; he scorns to tread any other path than that of virtue. Amestris loves me, continued he, I despise her ; judge, madam, if I am to blame.

Mitranes, the brother of Boranes, was the father of Amestris. Scarce had Amestris attained her fifth year when Mitranes died. Mitranes had no other child, he committed her at his death to the care of Boranes, to whom he bequath'd his effects, in trust for her. Mitranes having been many years governor of Ogyris, had left an immense fortune to his daughter. The mother of Amestris was wicked and

designing; Mitranes was sensible of it; he therefore would not put in her power the fate of Amestris.

I was about the age of Amestris, was brought up with her, and was a witness of her faults: she has even been false, and is now become perfidious.

She conceived for me a most violent affection; my aversion for her was at the same time increasing in my soul:—her eyes acquainted me with her flame; I pretended not to understand them. I avoided her presence.

My son, said Boranes to me one day, Amestris loves you; do you love her;—are you willing to espouse her? No, my lord, answered I, I do not love Amestris; she would make my life unhappy. I have

perceived, replied Boranes, the difference betwixt your disposition and that of Amestris ; if love could work a change in hers, your interest would make me wish for such an union ; but I love you too much to constrain you. Arbaces loves Amestris ; their characters resemble each other ; let them unite them.

This project of my father's fill'd me with joy : I was about to be deliver'd from Amestris : Boranes acquainted her with his intentions ; she objected against them ; I would rather wed with death than with Arbaces, said she : what ! would you make me miserable ? is it thus you execute the confidence which Mitranes has reposed in you ?

Meroa, the mother of Amestris, se-

conded the resistance of her daughter: Boranes was unwilling to offend her; he had too much esteem for his brother's memory.

The project of Boranes deprived Amestris of all hopes; she no longer doubted of my indifference; her love or rather her fury encreased; she conceived a design the most odious and malignant.

Marthesia had a beautiful woman slave; I was at an age, wherein the passions are tempestuous. I often made this slave a nightly visit. Amestris discover'd it; she bribed the slave, and one night took her place.

The chamber of the slave joined to that of Marthesia. Nothing but silence and obscurity could prevent our being dis-

cover'd. I saw not Amestris, though I was in her arms : I was ignorant of my misfortune : the intention of Amestris was to surprize me there : she was to give a signal to the slave, the slave was to relate it to Meroa, Boranes, and Marthesia. Amestris flatter'd herself that nobody would believe the cheat she was about to play upon me, and that Boranes would oblige me to marry her : but she herself preserved me from the misfortune which she had prepared for me ; her love turn'd traitor. Abandon'd to her passions, she forgot her schemes. By some half words which involuntarily escaped her lips, I found her out. I tore myself from her arms. In vain did she endeavour to detain me. Transported with fury, she

snatch'd a poniard, and plung'd it in her bosom. I am dying, said she to me, thou hast kill'd me, but my death shall be reveng'd. Thou can'st not depart from this room, the doors are fast. The virtuous Arses will be taken for an infamous murderer.

Judge, madam, of the trouble I was in on this occasion. I approach'd the bedside of Amestris, still doubting the reality of her fury; but I found her weltring in her blood. I knew not what to do. I alarmed the family, and call'd for help: they arose, the slave ran away, the door was broke open, and the family enter'd.

Meroa threw herself upon her daughter, calling me her murderer. My confusion hindered me from defending myself,

They stopt the blood which ran from Amestris's wound, and dress'd it. It was judg'd mortal.

Arbaces, the lover of Amestris, was the governor of Ogyris; he was made acquainted with our misfortunes. Amestris accused me: The slave has betrayed me, said she, brib'd by Arses; she told me that Marthesia begg'd to speak with me: I ran; the slave shut the door upon me; I found myself in the arms of Arses; I strove to extricate myself; do not, said I, rob me of my honour, rather take my life! marry me if you think proper: Boranes will consent to it. Arses told me, that the knots of Hymen terrified him, and that he was determin'd to gratify his passion: my resistance enrag'd him, and he plung'd his poniard in my bosom.

Thus spake Amestris, her mother repeated her discourse; Arbaces was shortly acquainted with it. I was seized and dragg'd to prison.

How excessive was the grief of Boranes and Marthesia. They were too well acquainted with my heart to think me guilty; I had informed them of the perfidy of Amestris. But how could I prove my innocence before Arbaces! the slave was fled, and even if she should have return'd, it would have been of no effect; Amestris had caused her to be suspected.

Arbaces wished me dead; I was not very desirous of life; the wickedness of Amestris had made it horrible.

It is not death, said I, that man ought to fear, they ought rather to dread the

transports of the passions : to what excess will they not drive us ! Where is the heart which receives not their corruption ? Alas even that of Arses has been tainted by them.

Such, madam, were the reflections which I made. I love, and my love still more attaches me to virtue. Love determines the inclination of our hearts ; those who have a wicked disposition it hurries into crimes. The grief of dying infamous made me afraid of death ; the despair of Boranes and Marthesia augmented still my woes ; it was extreme : they turn'd Amestris from their house ; they omitted nothing that might tend to save me, but all their efforts were of no service. Arbaces, under the cloak of justice, had it in his power to satisfy his jealousy ; he

perhaps thought me guilty ; I appear'd so. I was beloved of the people ; they were inclined to think me innocent : they appear'd in my behalf : Arbaces hasten'd my condemnation : my sentence was pronounced ; which was to be thrown headlong into the sea. I was conducted to the fatal precipice ; the guards could with difficulty keep back the populace : Amestris appear'd ; she came to save my life ; her love triumph'd over her malice. She imagined she should pay dear for this return of tenderness : the spectators thought she came to insult me : they fell upon her, and were about to murder her : I address'd myself to the people, and endeavour'd to appease them. Amestris attempted to speak ; I desired she might be heard.

Arfes, said she to me, I acknowledge your generosity: you preserve my life who would have taken away yours; you whom I have dishonour'd, have I strove to procure an ignominious death. I merit the utmost rage of the people; let them satisfy themselves; but first let them give me time to save you. Love has made me criminal, continued Amestris, addressing herself to Arbaces, Arfes is innocent. Amestris then related how far she had been transported by her love and fury.

Nothing could equal the confusion, the distraction of Arbaces, and the joy of my friends. They ran to Boranes and Marthesia, and brought them to me.

I alone was sorrowful and melancholy: the repentance of Amestris affected me;

I was chagrin'd at the shame she had brought upon herself. I readily excused her proceeding against me; a woman's spite, said I, is always violent: the prejudice of education gives it that force: love blinds us and drags us into extremities: how many virtuous men have it rendered criminal? the tender sex is less able to subdue it than we are. It is the excess of passion has carried the resentment of Amestris to this height. My heart inclines to pardon her: to these reflections succeeded their effects: I approach'd Amestris, embrac'd her, and solicited a pardon for her. I presented her to Boranes; I conducted her to our palace. Boranes could not resist my importunities. Excess of joy transported him; Marthesia ran to embrace me.

Ameſtris threw herſelf at my feet ; her tears and ſorrow had the appearance of ſincerity : I cannot entertain a paſſion for you, ſaid I to her, but I can promiſe you a ſincere friendſhip : I forget the paſt. I alſo forget it, ſaid ſhe : Ameſtris will this day begin to live.

Arbaces came to me to entreat my forgiveness. The wanderings of Ameſtris, from the paths of virtue, had not extinguish'd his paſſion for her : grant me, Ameſtris, ſaid he to Boranes ; my weakness in loving her will eraze hers. Her alliance with me will take off the obloquy her crimes have drawn upon her.

The reſolution of Arbaces charm'd me : 'tis by ſerving my enemies that I love to revenge myſelf. I ſpoke to Ameſtris in favour of Arbaces, ſhe was unwilling to

give me a denial : she promised her hand to Arbaces ; but she requested the celebration might be for some time delayed. It is necessary, said she, that I should stay till Arbaces forget my crimes.

The tranquility which I enjoyed, after so horrible a tempest, was of short duration : in vain did Amestris strive to dissemble, her passion for me could not but discover itself in various instances ; Arbaces was witness of it : It was with the utmost difficulty that she could suppress her transports : I saw myself continually persecuted by love and jealousy.

Father, said I one day to Boranes, let us for some time, depart from this place ; I fear it's fatality ; I look upon it with horror : let us give Amestris time to starve her passion ; my presence feeds it.

I consent, my son, to your request ; replied he, I breathe but to promote your happiness. Come let us take a voyage to Greece : the Persians are at peace with the Greeks.

We made the necessary preparations for our voyage : I took my leave of Marthesia and Amestris ; they both burst into tears : I distinguished those of love, and was extremely glad to get away from them. We parted : we saw the principal cities of Greece. I examined the manners and principles of the Greeks, and compared them with our own. Reflection determined my choice. The philosophers, whose company I frequently enjoyed, improved my understanding : Nothing gave me any concern : Boranes was afflicted at it : he could not endure my indifference for the

women ; he earnestly requested me to marry ; and flatter'd himself the Grecian beauties would seduce me, and effect an alteration in my heart. I had not yet seen Athens : there I was to prove the power of love.

I will not repeat to you, madam, what Boranes said to you ; what I have ventured so often to repeat to you. The tenderness Boranes had for me, hurl'd him even to a guilty violence : but I will atone for his crime. It was necessary to dissemble with Boranes, and distrust Amestris. I will pretend a greater friendship for her, I will tell Boranes that she shall not be present at my marriage with you, which would be no better than to plunge the poniard again into her bosom, I will con-

jure him to see Amestris married to Arbaces, before he compels you to give me your hand; this delay will procure me time to prepare for your flight.

Be not afraid to rely upon me : you see I refuse the means which Boranes has offered to possess you : my endeavours are only to please and obey you.

This Arses spake to me. I confess to you, my dear Ismena, that I admired the greatness of his soul : I was sorry that I could not love him : I gave him all my esteem : I followed his advice. I dissimulated with Amestris ; but I could with difficulty conceal my detestation for her.

Arses spake to Boranes ; my marriage was deferred. Amestris smothered me with caresses : Arses made application to

her; she took it kindly of him; and still the more alienated herself from Arbaces.

At length every thing was prepared for our departure: the vessels in which we were to embark, waited but for a favourable wind. The propitious time arrived. I visited every morning a grove consecrated to love: I there entreated that god to render Agenor sensible of my passion for him: nor did I forget Arses: I requested he might be happy; that he might burn for a heart which would recompence his own.

Arses came one day to interrupt me, to-morrow, madam, said he, we shall depart; every thing is ready for our voyage; I will pretend to go to the chase; do you also deceive Boranes, tell him that you

find yourself ill ; appear as if inclined to repose ; and when the shades of night have driven away the day, come down here to the sea-side, to the foot of Neptune's statue. I will come to take you from thence in a boat ; and as soon as we get on board the ship which is to conduct us to Greece, it shall set sail : you shall be deliver'd from the fear of being united to Arses.

I returned thanks to Arses with transport. I was so overjoy'd that I could hardly contain myself. Arses gaz'd on me with eyes drown'd in tears, which I attributed to the joy I express'd. I therefore conceal'd it : I was too much indebted to Arses, to add to his afflictions. He perceiv'd it.

Be not uneasy madam, said he, you are going to see Agenor again: I envy his happiness I confess; but I shall not be the less assiduous to procure yours; it will cost me many sighs: we ought to pardon those to whom we sacrifice ourselves.

This discourse of Arses affected me greatly. Arses, said I to him, you have made me experience a sentiment of which I thought myself incapable. The unfortunate passion which I entertain for Agenor, cost me dear: love is a disease we are fond of. The sufferings which I have endured from the ingratitude of Agenor, have not even persuaded me to wish a change. I would no longer love Agenor, could I love Arses; but do not flatter yourself that I can: I have a friendship and esteem for you: I lament your fate; nay, I wish it

was in my power to do yet more to render you happy.

Arfes made no reply : he took hold of my hand, kiss'd it, and bath'd it with his tears. What a situation was this for a heart sensible of acknowledgement ! mine was wholly occupied by an ingrate. My heart partook of the transports of Arfes, but it felt them for Agenor. Insensibly the compassion I had for Arfes changed it's object ; 'twas for myself that I was affected : and what can rekindle love in a more powerful manner, than the sight of a most passionate lover ? The more Arfes loved me, the more I lov'd Agenor : at last I was ashamed of my weakness, and the injury which I did Arfes. Ought sentiments like his advance the friendship of his rival ?

Word was brought that dinner waited

for us; Arses endeavoured to assume an air of tranquility. Amestris had never appeared more satisfied than she did that day: never did she behave so courteously. Arbaces dined with us: Boranes said to Amestris that the day of her marriage must then be fix'd, for it had been too long delay'd.

I will be obedient to your orders, reply'd Amestris; I reproach myself for deferring the happiness of Arses: I know that he is not to give his hand to Cloe till after I have espoused Arbaces: it will be a pleasure to me to hasten the moment of his happiness.

Arbaces was displeased with this speech of Amestris; his sentiments thoroughly mortified him; his love got the better of

his vanity. Arbaces begg'd of Boran to let their marriage be celebrated on the morrow. Boranes and Amestris gave their consent.

Joy display'd itself in the house of Boranes, during which the moments appeared to me of a most insupportable length.

The nearer we arrive to satisfaction long expected, desire increases; the soul is agitated, and its agitation adds to the measure of the time.

The night arrived, which I spent without closing my eyes; I thought of nothing but the succeeding day: my heart leapt, when I heard a voice repeat without ceasing, thou art going to see thy dear Ismena, Agenor, and thy native country.

In the morning I did not stir out of my apartment: Boranes came to fetch me to dinner, and told me that Arses was gone to the chace: I complain'd of a violent pain in the head; Boranes therefore suffer'd me to repose myself.

It was almost sun-set when a slave brought me a letter from Arses: he wrote to tell me not to come at the hour we had appointed, because he could not meet me till about midnight: this delay afflicted me; but I reproach'd myself afterwards for being so little mistress of my inclinations: I calm'd the tempest of my impatience, went to bed, and order'd the slaves who attended me to withdraw.

A little before the hour which Arses had appointed, I went down into the

garden, and fate myself down at the foot of Neptune's statue. I conjured that god to favour my voyage; I also petition'd love, and return'd him thanks for the generous sentiments with which he had inspired Arses in my favour. I did not foresee the miseries he had prepared for me: Alas! I shall ever be the object of his hatred! At length I saw the boat arrive; a slave came to me. Madam, said he, Arses could with difficulty quit the ship, strict orders were given to the contrary; the captain, perceiving there was a favourable wind, would not wait. Arses concealed himself to keep behind, follow me, and I will conduct you to him.

I was conducted by this slave into the boat, but how great was my surprize,

when I beheld it enter the port of Ogyris ! I was landed there, and conducted in a chariot to the palace of the governor.

Arbaces came to me, his countenance was enflamed with anger, the cause of it presently appeared : What ! is it you, madam, said he, where are Amestris and Arses, were you to accompany them in their flight, speak ; why did you not bring them with you ?

Till then I had been at a loss, and comprehended nothing of my fate ; the confusion of my thoughts made me unable to judge of it. Sometimes I suspected Arses ; he appear'd generous, said I, he pretended he would procure my liberty, but he has caus'd me to be secur'd

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by Arbaces ; and 'tis thus he acquits himself of the promises he made me. Immediately afterwards I reproach'd myself with the injustice I had done to Arses : But the discourse of Arbaces convinced me of the real cause ; by that I discover'd the deceit which Amestris had practis'd ; and resolved to acquaint Arbaces with the truth.

I told him the promises which Arses had made me ; and the scheme of our flight ; I entreated him to tell me by what means he became inform'd of it, and why he had prevented it : I assured him that I knew nothing concerning Amestris, and that I believed she was in the house of Boranes.

Arbaces listened to me with attention :

I perceive that you are not guilty, said he ;
I believe your heart an enemy to perfidy.
Amestris or Arses think different from
you ; one or the other has deceived us :
hearken to me, madam, you will then
be enabled to judge.

I was yesterday upon the summit of
joy ; Boranes came to assure me that I
should on the morrow be united to A-
mestris ; I took my course from the love
Amestris bore to Arses. I am not jea-
lous of a woman's heart, continued Arba-
ces with the most inveterate malice, it is
a folly to be so, the greatest part of the
sex have none ; their violent passions con-
sists in caprice ; 'tis sufficient to oppose a
woman to gain her affection.

The possession of Amestris would in-

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sure me the fidelity which I should exact from her; being in my power, her love for Arses would be of little signification. You are surpris'd, madam, I perceive; you, perhaps, accuse me of want of delicacy: your nation is accustomed to make love triumph by sentiment; but it is the Greeks only who have that manner of thinking, and I believe they will not long preserve it.

I was yesterday in my palace, word was brought me that Meroë was coming to visit me; she enter'd: my lord, said she, I come to acquaint you with new misfortunes, and to entreat you to afford a remedy: you are sensible of my daughter's love for Arses: you have doubtless observed that her passion

has so blinded her as to accuse herself to preserve her lover; you are not easily deceived: you have given it as your opinion that Arses and Boranes would never have pardoned Amestris if she had been guilty; would you, my lord, have married her yourself, had you not deem'd her innocent? It is but too true; Arses would have seduced Amestris; she resisted him when she had no rival. Jealousy is the motive of compliance: the inconstant Arses repulsed by Cloe's severity is returned to Amestris; you have seen his assiduity to obtain my daughter. The care which Arses took to defer his marriage with Cloe surprized me; I was ignorant of his designs; they shock'd me; chance this morning let me into the knowledge of them.

I have had no sleep all this night ; at the rising of aurora I went down into the garden. The sun shone exceeding warm, and I went into the grotto of Diana to avoid it : I heard Amestris and Arses approach ; I conceal'd myself, and they sat themselves down in the grotto.

You know, my dear Amestris, said Arses to her, with what horror I have look'd upon the ties of hymen : I have given but too strong a proof it, but you have forgot ; you have pardoned my ingratitude and inconstancy. Now I return to you ; by your charms and your tenderness you triumph over Cloe ; you also triumph over the resolutions I have made against marriage. I will marry you, but we must depart from Ogyris ; Arbaces oppo-

tes my happiness: nay, even Boranes would not consent to it. Venture then to fly with me; depend upon my honour and my love. Come down here tomorrow at midnight, and wait for me at the foot of the statue of Neptune. I will procure a boat, then come for you, and conduct you to a ship which shall carry us from Ogyris. Amestris was unwilling to come into these measures, but when Arses threaten'd her that he would marry Gloc, she no longer resisted, but consented to his project.

I should have vented my reproaches against this perfidious couple, continued Meroë, but I restrain'd my anger. I suffered Amestris and Arses to depart, without perceiving me; I then hasted to find

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you: if I had spoken to Boranes, he would indeed have frustrated the design of Arses, but Amestris would have contriv'd some other stratagem to delay their marriage, and to impose upon us still. You may, my lord, secure Amestris, and prevent my losing her, you know the hour that Amestris is to wait for Arses, send a bark to Amestris; let the messenger pretend that Arses cannot quit the ship, Amestris will then be deceiv'd and brought to you with ease. What can she advance in her defence? She will account herself sufficiently happy in giving you her hand, and obtaining her pardon.

Judge, madam, continued Arbaces, the grief which this discourse of Meroë gave me: I approved her counsel, and pro-

mis'd to dissemble accordingly; which when she saw I was resolved to do, she returned to Boranes.

I gave private orders to bring me word if any ship should weigh anchor, and in such case to prevent its going off. I was afraid lest Meroé had distinguished rightly the hour of rendezvous. I have sent to night to Boranes's garden, you know the rest, but I cannot guess whether we were betray'd by Arses or Amestris.

O, my lord! said I, depend upon it it was Amestris, Arses is incapable of such treachery: you think so, said Arbaces; however if he should at this very instant have fled with Amestris, you will then own yourself unjustly prejudiced in his favour.

I was about to make reply to Arbaces, in behalf of Arses, when an officer belonging to Arbaces came in, whispered something to the governor and went out again.

I was in the right, said Arbaces, Arses is a traitor, he has taken away Amestris; I am just now informed that he had order'd the ship in which they were embarked to set sail, I have order'd Amestris and Arses to be brought before me, I have likewise summoned Boranes and Meroë.

I did not however condemn Arbaces notwithstanding all that Arbaces had said, Boranes who came in immediately, endeavour'd to justify him, but Meroë ac-

cused him, Arbaces was so irritated that he would hear nothing.

We did not wait long for Arses and Amestris: Arses ran to me, the joy of his soul at seeing me was visible in his eyes, he would have spoke to me, but Arbaces prevented him: you are a wretch said he to him, you have stole away Amestris from me, and made your sport of Cloe's credulity; I shall find means to do justice to myself and her, let Amestris speak, that I may learn from her your crimes and her own weakness.

The countenance of Amestris turn'd as pale as death, she trembled to think upon the danger Arses was in: rage, jealousy, all gave way to love: she resolved upon a sincere confession, which

at the same time that it would plead excuse in the eyes of Arses, would enhance her guilt in those of Arbaces, which was what Amestris aimed at.

My lord, said she to Arbaces, 'tis I alone am in fault, Arses doth not deserve your anger: I heard yesterday the proposal of Arses and Cloe to get away, I formed a scheme to take advantage of it and deceive them; I wrote to Cloe as from Arses, in order to be beforehand with her; I sent Meroë to you, a sentiment of gratitude prompted me to make you happy. Cloe is handsome, I would have had you possess her. Her charms or your desire to be reveng'd of Arses might have induced you to give your heart to her, and consoled yourself for

the loss of me. Fatal design ! had it not been for that I might have been still with Arses.

Arses took me for Cloe as I took care not to speak, and the night was dark : Arses would have had the ship set sail, he was informed of your orders and much surprized. We are betrayed, madam, said he, Arbaces detains us here, we must defer our flight. Arses would have brought me back in the bark, but the captain of the ship opposed it, and conducted us into his cabin ; there were lights in it, how great was the grief and mortification of Arses to find it was me ! he loaded me with reproaches ; he was in pain for Cloe's fate ; I confess'd to him what I had done, and entreated his forgiveness.

Arfes made me no answer : I burst into tears. We spent part of the night in this cruel situation. Arfes begg'd in vain that the captain would put us on shore ; he told us it was as much as his life was worth, you having given strict orders that none of the passengers should be suffer'd to leave the ship : I curs'd your love for me, and the precautions it had induced you to take ; your guards arriv-
ed, and brought us hither.

This, my lord, is the substance of what Amestris is capable of doing, cease to love her, despise her, she is unworthy of you, she would nevertheless deserve the heart of Arfes, if love and constancy were rewarded as they ought.

Meroë changed colour a thousand

times while Amestris was speaking; she appear'd enraged at her daughter's confession, and the part she had ascribed to her in the plot: my lord, said she to Arbaces, Amestris but accuses herself to save her lover; they have concerted together the tale she has just deliver'd; they have both impos'd on Cloe, in order to make use of her if they were discover'd. Arses loves only Amestris, he will never consent to wed Cloe: revenge yourself of Amestris, by giving her to Arses; after what has happen'd, she cannot be yours, you would blush to become her husband. Amestris will be punished for his unjust love. Arses will likewise be as amply rewarded in her caprice and inconstancy. Bbranes will

consent to my daughter's marriage with Arses ; he ought to have more regard for the honours of his family ; for you, my lord, espouse the amiable Cloe, and leave Amestris to his wretched fate.

Amestris was at first displeas'd with Meroë's discourse ; she view'd her with surprize and concern ; a look from Meroë pacified her. The wicked easily find means to make one another understood. Meroë's last words set Amestris's heart at ease : Amestris thinking Arbaces could not determine more favourably for her, said not a word.

Arses swore by the sun that what Amestris had said was true, and that Meroë's assertion was all an imposition. Arbaces was distracted with uncertainty, not

knowing which to believe: Boranes look'd serious and melancholy. I trembled with expectation of Arbaces's resolve, I was in pain for myself and Arses, we observed all of us a profound silence, which was at last broke by Boranes.

I believe, said he to Arbaces, that Arses doth not deceive us. Can a man be in one day guilty of perjury and lying? Meroë and Amestris have been long acquainted: if Amestris has spoke truth 'twas only to gain the esteem of Arses; Meroë would irritate us against my son; she contradicts her daughter, but they both aim at the same thing, which is to perplex you, and make you favour their designs, or find means to deceive you still farther. Would you put an end to

all our woes, and revenge yourself of Amestris and even of Arses, if it be true that he loved Amestris: unite Arses to Cloe; if they oppose it deliver them up to me, deliver to me likewise Amestris, they are all three criminal against you as well as me. I will exercise towards them all the rigour they deserve, and will force them to obey you. When Amestris sees Arses join'd to Cloe, she will be cured of her passion for him: love seldom continues in the breast which hope has relinquished.

Arbaces appeared satisfied with the offer of Boranes, Arses and I were troubled at it; our concern and the refusal we made to the respective alliances proposed to us, rekindled all the fury of Arbaces. Let them be all three dragged to

prison, cried he, woe be to him or her that has deceiv'd me! I will have this odious mystery unravel'd; I will punish them myself, continued he, addressing himself to Boranes. I will not entrust that care to you, I will not be the dupe of a father and his children.

Boranes strove in vain to alter the decree of Arbaces; he left us pierced to the heart with grief; Arses was not permitted to speak to me, they tore him from me; the despair which appeared in his looks augmented mine; I had a true esteem for Arses, and had been the instrument of his misery; I had made him seem guilty; it was in pity to me that he refused to marry me, because he would

not expose me alone to the rage of Arbaces and Boranes.

Amestris was shut up with me; Arbaces had a mind to torture her, and he knew that nothing is more insupportable than the sight of a rival, and that it is a hundred times worse than the most frightful prison.

The reflections which I made on the menaces and fury of Arbaces, together with the darkness of our prison had such an effect upon me, that I could not speak: Amestris thus accosted me: alas! madam, what treatment must Arses expect to find? We may judge of his sufferings by our own: what misfortunes have your indifference and my love brought upon him!

You may, said I, put an end to those misfortunes; wed Arbaces, and you will release Arses from the misery he endures upon your account.

How unjustly are we apt to act towards each other, cried Amestris! You would have me give my hand to Arbaces, and sacrifice to him my passion for Arses, and you will not prefer Arses to the idea of the faithless Agenor. Arbaces is with reason odious to me, his person, his mind, his disposition, all ought to displease me, whereas Arses is made to be belov'd. Alas! when you love not Arses, ought I not to hate Arbaces? Can you reproach me with the woe I have brought upon Arses? who contributes thereto more than you? The

violence he did himself when he refused your hand, excited my compassion. Arses at this instant thinks but of your severity, and not of the deplorable condition to which I have reduced him: the pains he endures on account of love torment him more than all the rest, they even take away their sting.

'Twas thus Amestris and I spent the time: she incessantly repeated, ah, Cloe, why have you not my heart, or why have I not yours? Arses might then have been happy.

We had been eight days in our dismal prison; the slaves that waited on us, asked us if we were disposed to comply with the will of Arbaces, our answer was always in the negative. Amestris

fought in vain for tidings of Arses, she never had any reply to her enquiries.

The grief that prey'd upon my spirits, my uneasiness for the fate of Arses had rendered me insensible; I was fallen into a mortal decay; the presence of Amestris, and her conversation encreas'd my pain, now she would load me with imprecations and reproaches, then she would move my pity, she continually inspired me with horror. I wish'd for death as the sole remedy against my woes, and thought it too remote.

One day our goaler said to me, Arbaces leaves it to your choice, either to marry Arses or himself in three days. So saying he left me: it was then that despair took entire possession of my soul;

I conjured Amestris to kill me; how willingly would she have complied with my request, had she not been agitated by those transports wherein I found her!

Boranes enter'd the prison, madam said he to me, the wretched Arses is dying, and begs to see you, Arbaces has given leave. Be generous, Cloe, continued Boranes, it is perhaps time to restore Arses to life; I have been the cause of all that you endured, but do not revenge you upon my son, or rather upon yourself, you will be the wife of Arbaces, if not of Arses.

I do not enquire, said I to Boranes, how much you have injured me, Arses has not wronged me, let us hasten to his succour, what will I not do to save Arses!

I followed Boranes, he lent me his arm, I was unable to walk without his help; Amestris did not see us go out; she had fainted away as soon as she heard Boranes speak.

Arfes was not now in the prison, they had remov'd him into the governor's palace; I approach'd his bed; Arfes saw me not, he was insensible; the condition in which I found him, and to which I had reduced him, gave me the most lively sorrow; love could scarcely have inspir'd me with more violent transports. I clasp'd Arfes in my arms: his face was presently bathed with my tears; they revived him: he open'd his eyes, and saw me; 'is it you, my dear Cloe, said he in a faltering accent, is it you who are

come to bid a final adieu to Arses? Who honour him with your tears? Do you then condescend to weep for me, who am the cause of all the sufferings you have undergone? What a heart is yours! and how unhappy am I not to have obtain'd it! but I shall die without reluctance since you do not hate me, but vouchsafe to pardon me.

Live Arses, said I. Your death would effectually compleat my miseries. What! would you leave me in the hands of barbarians, without support, and a victim to their rage? Did not you promise to carry me back again to Greece?

Why am I not able to fulfil my promise, replied Arses? You see the obstacles that oppose it; we will surmount

them, answer'd I. The gods have inspired me with the means: I will impart them to you; but compose yourself; re-establish that health which is so dear to me. I left Arses at those words, my presence had caus'd such an emotion as might have been fatal to him.

I told Arbaces that when Arses should be able to bear a longer conversation, I would determine. I entreated him to leave me with Arses; he granted my request. Boranes and Marthesia paid me the most tender acknowledgements; they informed me that Arses's dungeon was dreadful, and that he had been cruelly treated, but that insensible of his own sufferings, he had only felt for mine. At last, said Boranes, the final resolution of

Arbaces, compleated the despair of Arfes; he griev'd for the constraint they were about to lay you under, this last misfortune overpowered all his senses, and ever since yesterday Arfes has been at the point of death.

I discoursed in this manner with Bora-nes and Marthesia. I returned towards the close of the day to Arfes, he expected with impatience what I had to tell him; the physicians assured us he was much better, they left me alone with him.

Arfes, said I to him, I know your heart, its generosity, its integrity, I am about to testify the regard I have for you: Arbaces would oblige me to wed you, or give my hand to him, if it was

in my power to make a choice, I should soon have determined between you two; but I love Agenor, and notwithstanding I have hitherto found him insensible, hope still lives within my soul, and I cannot bestow my hand unless my heart accompany it. I know that by ridding myself of life, I might be freed from the yoke, they would impose upon me, but you would not long survive me; friendship and gratitude forbid me to indulge such a cruel idea. Listen Arses, to the purpose I have conceiv'd.

I will submit to the will of Arbaces, I will wed you, only promise not to look upon me as your wife, but respect my virtue; they compel us to the altar, the gods will not punish the breach of oaths.

exacted by violence, a mutual consent ought to produce fidelity in either party, we have no inclination to be inseparably united; we shall not be so, but we will deceive Boranes and Arbaces, and we may one day return to Greece; speak, Arses, continued I, can you answer for your virtue? do you love me well enough to execute this project?

Arses had been agitated with various sentiments during my discourse; joy and grief by turns took possession of his soul; he did not however make me wait long for an answer: madam, said he, I am too happy in having it in my power to put an end to your misfortunes. There is nothing that I would not do for you. I swear by the sun and by yourself that I

will submit to whatever you shall require of me.

I was satisfied with the oath of Arses, I thought I might depend upon it: I ordered Boranes to be called: my lord, said I, you may inform Arbaces that I will marry Arses. Boranes had never experienced a joy so lively, Arbaces shared it, he resolved either to determine or punish Amestris.

The health of Arses was soon re-established, our marriage was celebrated with magnificence, we were conducted to a temple dedicated to the sun. The young nymphs who are kept within the walls of the temple, for that purpose, dressed me in a white robe adorned with jewels; a wreath of flowers graced my head; the high priest

made me give my hand and plight my troth to Arses, Arses did the same to me. The high priest then prepared the sacred cup; and presenting it to Arses, ordered him to pronounce the words by which the Persians ratify their vows.

Arses took the cup, and exalting his voice: "Mighty god," says he, "bright
" sun whose refulgent beams our feeble
" eyes want power to behold ! Thou by
" whose radiant emanation, by whose
" prolific warmth the welcome spring returns !
" Who givest to summer and
" to autumn fruits ! Who preservest
" us from the severity of winter ! Thou
" who givest being, life and death to every
" thing which exists in the world, deign
" to hear me ! If ever I violate the oaths

“ I have just now made to Cloe, pour all
 “ thy indignation on my head ! That de-
 “ prived of this light my life may languish
 “ away in perpetual obscurity ! And that
 “ the sacred liquor I am about to drink
 “ may be turned into poison within me.”

Arfes after these words drank half of the liquor, he presented the cup to me, I trembled, I could scarcely pronounce these terrible imprecations ; I conjured the gods to examine my heart, and not listen to my vow : I emptied the cup, replaced it on the altar, and the ceremony ended.

I was attended back in triumph to the palace of Boranes : at night a pompous supper concluded the festival which Boranes had given. Marthesfra led me to the nuptial bed, and there left me with Arfes.

I must confess to you my dear Ismena, that notwithstanding the promises of Arses my heart underwent a terrible emotion: I dreaded lest the passion of Arses should get the better of his virtue. We both of us kept for some time a profound silence: I was ready to faint, and trembled all over; Arses was melancholy, and confounded, I entreated him at length to remember his oaths, and to leave me alone, Arses gazed upon me, sighed, and obeyed: what pity did my soul feel for him!

I had reason for some days to applaud myself for having depended on the virtue of Arses; but Arses deprived me of this satisfaction. He was sitting by the side of my bed: dear Cloe, said he, can you approve the cruel struggles I undergo to

please you? Perpetually in the presence of a lovely and beloved object, I restrain my desires, I even conceal them. Alas! while you were pronouncing the dreadful oath, so contradictory to the sentiments of your heart, I conjured the sun to change in my behalf that heart which I have merited by such excess of love. If the god I worship had heard me, if you would have had any compassion on me, how well would my lot deserve to be envied! speak, my dear Cloe, has the ardour of my prayers affected this prodigy.

Artes, as he spoke to me, lean'd upon my bed, he caught hold of my hands, in vain would I have withdrawn them; my soul was abandoned to the most cruel alarms. Artes well knew the emotions

wherewith I was agitated: take courage, Cloe, said he, you have nothing to fear from a lover who too much adores you; be assured of my respect, you may make me happy, I am sensible how great would be my felicity, my desires are violent, my love excessive, but I cannot disoblige you, nor shall any motive oblige me to it. The voice, the ardour with which Arses assured me of his respect, belied his professions of sincerity, I was so concern'd at it I could not answer him. Arses believes I yield to his transports, he embraces me, he folds me in his arms, I would load him with reproaches, he stops my mouth with his kisses, and notwithstanding my resistance lays a venturous hand upon my breast, his temerity re-

news all my strength, I repel Arfes with indignation; my eyes sparkle with resentment, Arfes becomes as timid as he had been rash.

Is it thus, said I, that Arfes forswears himself: fool that I was to believe your protestations! I little imagined that love had extinguished in you every sentiment of virtue, I would have reconciled madness with reason. I will punish myself for the error I have committed, I will no longer expose myself, leave me, do not reduce me to despair, be gone, you have forfeited in one moment my esteem, my friendship and my confidence.

And I will forfeit my life too, cried Arfes, seizing his sword. I caught hold of his arm, calm this rage, said I to him.

Will you give me such marks of the most inveterate hatred, after having given me tokens of an ill grounded love? To what condition would your death reduce me; recall your reason, Arses, and obtain your pardon.

After these reflections Arses fell into a deadly swoon. Can we, said I, have always the command of ourselves? Our passions urge us on with violence. He excited my compassion, but 'tis in subduing and composing them that we shew the power of our souls. You are come to yourself. Your contrition obliterates your crimes, let us forget it, we ought not to expose ourselves to danger; retire into the next room, and there consider that tho' I appear as your wife, you ought

not to entertain for me any other sentiments than those of a faithful friend.

No, Cloe, replied Arses, I can only adore you as a lover; I have promised to regulate my actions by your will, but not my sentiments; nothing can deprive you of a heart that love and religion have given you. When you invoked the sun to witness the sincerity of your vows, your heart inwardly belied your lips, it was not so with me, all my soul accompanied my words: you may one day abandon me, but I shall be for ever yours.

I perceived that Arses was again about to let his passion overpower him, I commanded him to leave me, he at last obeyed. What reflections did I not make on the

condition I was in! How did I reproach my imprudence!

I must wait, said I, 'till the gods decide my fate. I would have determined it myself, fatal contrivance! Not less destructive to Arses than myself: I have seen too much of him, Arses is unable to vanquish his love, and I will sooner die than submit to his desires. My resistance or my despair will plunge alike the dagger in the breast of Arses. O gods! doth Arses deserve the woes I am preparing for him? Arses is the most accomplished of mortals.

Pardon, dear Arses, continued I, pardon my severity. At the very time that I vented all my indignation against you, I was too sensible of my own injustice. What have you not done in my behalf?

Spite of your love you would have sacrificed your life to avoid being mine. 'Twas my imprudence that occasioned those transports which I have just condemned, your senses only were to blame; your heart, restored to itself, studies only to conform to my pleasure, ought I then continually to perplex it, and kindle in your bosom a cruel conflict?—Alas! is it in my power to appease it? Torn myself by an unhappy passion, my friendship can only pity you! The author of my sufferings shall do more, he shall revenge you.

I then revolved in my mind the marks of insensibility that Agenor had expressed towards me; and after abandoning myself to the horrors of the most dismal reflection, upon the whole I could not love the in-

grate the less for all this: these devouring disquietudes, these preying chagrins, are the food of love. I found myself therefore so compleatly wretched, that I fancied nothing could make me more so. I am now convinced how much I was mistaken; I flattered myself at this time, which I ought to regret, that the heart of Agenor might grow more susceptible; I am informed it is so, but not of love, and in whom has heaven sent me a rival?

Here Cloe was interrupted by her sighs: Ismena embraced her, she wiped away the tears of her friend with which she had mingled her own; Agenor was pierced to the soul on hearing the woes he had occasioned; he sat with downcast eyes, not daring to look either on Cloe or Ismena. Cloe

thus resumed the thread of her history.

I passed a dismal night without sleep; are such violent agitations compatible with repose? Arses in the morning returned to my apartment, his air was respectful, shame, grief, and love, were apparent in his countenance; I was moved at the sight; far from reproaching him, I spoke to him in the mildest and most affable manner. He called the woman who waited on me; Marthesia and Boranes entered; soon after which Arses affected a joy quite foreign to his heart. He who knows how to love can accommodate himself with ease to all contingencies.

I spent a few days in tolerable tranquillity; every thing prevented my wishes,

Arfes was more moderate in his transports, he suppressed all their impetuosity; I could read in his heart his love and fear of displeasing me; he passed at my feet the whole time I was alone with him; his sighs frequently affected me so far as to induce me to mingle my tears with those which spite of me escaped me. I was sensible that a heart like that of Arfes, would have constituted the happiness of my life, if my passion would have permitted me to have been happy with any other but Agenor; but the darts wherewith love wounds us, are not left to our choice, if they were mortals would be too happy, and they were not intended to be so.

One day Arbaces came in quest of Be-

Boranes, Amestris, says he, has consented to espouse me, she has at last yielded to my love; she has found means to apologize for her refusal, her penitence effaces the remembrance of it. A lover is ever inclined to judge favourably; Amestris would obtain of you a generous pardon; she importunes the revival of your friendship, and begs of you to supply the place of a father: she is desirous I should receive her at your hands, and that my wishes should be crowned in your palace; I am come to request your compliance.

Boranes hated Arbaces, they had both solicited the honour of being governor: Boranes best deserved it, but Arbaces had obtained it through interest; and there

are few courts where favours are not dispensed on men of gallantry and intrigue, they too often prevail over merit.

Boranes's hatred to the governor was augmented by all that Arbaces had done against Arses; on the other hand Boranes could not look upon Amestris without detestation, he always apprehended some treachery on her part; he refused the request of Arbaces, who was provoked at the affront: they grew warm, Boranes told Arbaces some offensive truths; Arbaces answer'd with menaces, the usual resource of knaves in authority.

Arses and I were no strangers to what had pass'd between them: we conjured Boranes to appease Arbaces. The resent-

ment of the latter was to be feared, his power render'd him formidable even at court ; he was absolute, and could be unjust with impunity : the wicked never fail to make advantage of this odious prerogative.

- Boranes yielded to our entreaties : he excused himself to Arbaces ; but insisted that Amestris should not come to his palace till her wedding-day : the day was fixed. Amestris was always with Meroë in the palace of Arbaces, she there receiv'd the homage of the ambitious courtiers ; never was more incense and respect offer'd to virtue itself, to so little purpose is it to be virtuous or criminal in the sight of the generality of mankind. Amestris had brought together all

all the nobility, she was desirous of making friends, she was in the right; the fatal day of her nuptials approached.

I ascended with Marthesia into a splendid chariot, we were going to Arbaces's palace, Amestris was alarmed at seeing me; she blushed, but presently recover'd herself; she embraced me with a feign'd affection, and came up into our chariot. We arrived at Boranes's palace, Arses and Boranes received Amestris with expressions of joy: Amestris would have recalled her behaviour to signify her penitence for it, Boranes assured her they had forgot it.

Arbaces had collected all the rarities with which Persia abounded, that he might render this festial worthy his gran-

deur and the riches of Amestris. Excuse dear Ismena my reciting the particulars. The condition of my soul will not permit me to do it, it must be happy, or at least at ease, to paint the joys and pleasures of that day.

The nuptials of Amestris were celebrated, Boranes gave a magnificent supper to the lords of Arbaces's court, Amestris was seated by Arbaces, I was at a distance from her, Arses sat next me, he was seized with a melancholy presage. The Gods sometimes permit our souls to be disturbed with a presage of the misfortunes that threaten us. I know not whether this sort of dread with which the Gods inspire us, proceeds from their justice or their benevolence; it sometimes preserves us,

and sometimes precipitates us into those very dangers it taught us to fear.

Supper was just over, the guests were animated with that senseless joy which Bacchus inspires; it enflamed the desires of Arbaces, he fixed his eyes continually upon Amestris, he observed a mortal paleness spread over all her face; she cries out that she is seized with a violent disorder; Arbaces flies to her assistance, and falls himself into horrible convulsions.

It was easily seen that they were both poisoned: remedies were applied, they relieved Amestris a little; Arbaces was dying, Boranes would have approach'd him. Begone traitor! said Amestris to him; the death of Arbaces is your

work, you did well in espousing me to him, I should have revenged him, Arbaces heard not what Amestris said, he expired.

Boranes suffer'd an extreme surprize and grief ; the accusation of Amestris shocked him, he was not criminal, but appeared to be so. The innocent is often more perplexed than the guilty, because the crime astonishes him, before he is prepared for his justification.

Amestris exhorted the courtiers of Arbaces to punish Boranes and his family, who, she intimated, were as guilty as he.

The friends of Boranes ran to the gates of our palace, they shut them, and took themselves the guard of them. It

was requisite to preserve Boranes before the populace knew the affair and became outrageous: Boranes had no other course to take but to save himself by flight, fatal resource for those who quit their country leaving their name behind them in disgrace. Every thing conspired to condemn Boranes; his hatred to Arbaces, the quarrel he had had with him a little before, together with the place where Arbaces was poisoned.

Boranes's friends, and even those of Arbaces suspected Amestris; but her present condition had rendered this suspicion ridiculous in the eyes of the people. The vulgar are often hurried by their passions to bold and dangerous enterprises, but then it is mechanically and

without reflexion; they do not think enough to imagine that a person can sacrifice their own lives for the sake of vengeance. It requires a great resolution of mind, to commit any rash action in cold blood, when it may prove fatal to those who execute it.

Boranes was however undetermined, and it was requisite he should come to a speedy resolution. My Lord, said I to him, the Gods will one day vindicate your innocence, but you ought not to tempt them; embrace the precious moments that they allow you for your preservation. If you disregard your own safety, let me prevail with you to fly; the cruel Amestris has a design upon our lives; she did but aim the fatal blow at you that she might the easier

reach us : She will not follow Arbaces to the grave, you see how she recovers her strength ; she has only taken poison that you alone might be charged with the death of Arbaces, but she has made a safe choice in it ; a crime so atrocious as this is not committed in vain ; the design of Amestris is fixed, she has sufficient power in this place to put it in execution ; let us embrace the moments she employs in endeavouring to dispel the venom from her veins ; let us fly, I will afford you an Asylum in Greece ; my fortune and my country shall be yours, and I will there cause you to forget your sufferings if it depends upon my good wishes and protection.

Boranes hardly waited till I had done speaking, he took me in his arms and ten-

derly embraced me: alas, my dear child, said he to me, how am I affected with your generosity! I who have so little deserved it! O Cloe! How great is your soul. Hearts like yours were made to prevent the despair of the wretched. The soft sensation that such noble sentiments produce in the soul, suspends the horrors which invade it: Arses did not express his acknowledgements to me, but a single look from him spoke more than all the discourse of Boranes.

Boranes entreated his friends to make preparations for his escape: It was requisite to secure a ship that was ready to sail that very night; Arses told us the prospect of an ample gratification would hasten the departure of a Phenician vessel that was

in the harbour; one of Boranes's friends ran thither with all speed.

The gates of Boranes's palace were always guarded; Amestris cried out to break them open, and let in the soldiers and the populace; they answer'd her that this would expose them to mutiny and plunder.

Boranes's friend returned, he had prevailed with the Phenician captain: The ship was brought to the sea-side next to Boranes's gardens, we embarked, Boranes, Marthesia, Arses and I, two of our slaves desired to follow us, we carried off the most valuable riches of Boranes, and in a little time lost sight of fatal Ogyris.

I was employed in comforting our fugitives, I partook of Arses's sorrows; I

endeavoured with the most affectionate tenderness to console him, I made all the interest I could with Boranes and Marthesia in favour of Arses.

The little convenience a ship affords, obliged me to occupy the same cabin as Arses, I might then have declared that he was not my husband; but I had resolved to keep that secret till we arrived in Greece. Such a confession would have been a deadly stroke to Boranes, and he was already too unfortunate to deserve to be more afflicted.

I no longer dreaded the love of Arses. I was able with a look to moderate his most furious transports. Arses pass'd part of the night, either upon the deck, or in some other part of the ship,

he returned in the morning to my cabin, I saw him when I awoke, sometimes sitting by my bedside gazing upon me with eyes of love, sometimes on his knees shedding a deluge of tears.

Ever since our departure Arses had been a prey to a consuming sorrow, tho' the winds were propitious his grief increased, the condition I saw him in diminished the joy I felt upon returning to Greece; alas! I fear'd likewise as much as I wish'd, to see Agenor again, he is going, said I, to make me share all the woes of Arses. My agitations redoubled every day, I concealed them from Arses, and expressed a tender concern for him.

His acknowledgements were often too

lively, love can disguise itself in all shapes; my discourse and my reproaches restored Arses to himself. We are reasonable enough, when we are not in love: we find means to recall the reason of another; and since Arses was actually caught, his soul was generous; how little force do we need against such a lover! we should even oppose his desires by sharing his affection; but how few are there who have a heart like that of Arses!

You see, dear Cloe, said Arses to me, one day, how much I love you, you frequently order me to mitigate my transports; learn then, it would cost me more to obey you, if I loved you less; the pleasure that my soul enjoys in your

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presence, occupies all its faculties, and suspends the power of my senses over it. Enchanted with all its feelings, it appears in my eyes; if any thing calls away its attention, its desires revive, you oppose yourself thereto, it is grieved thereat, but it presently plunges itself again into its extasy, which is doubtless the most refined satisfaction, I then say to myself the more pleasure is spiritual, the greater is that pleasure. When I no longer see you, my senses re-assume their empire, I contrive a thousand projects to satisfy them, I even flatter myself that I shall persuade you to gratify them, I see you again, I forget my purpose and am still intoxicated with love.

Your presence even suspends the just

alarms that afflict me, the dreadful hereafter, which your indifference towards me, and your love for Agenor prepare for me, disappears from my eyes; but my mind retraces them in the most lively colours, when you are absent from me, I feel that I am about to lose you for ever, that happy rival whom you believe ungrateful, cannot be so, you will find him still sensible. You will be his, and Arses will die with grief. In this manner did Arses entertain me; I omitted nothing to comfort him, and to change his passion into friendship; I produced an effect contrary to this design. We often envenom the wounds of love in attempting to heal them.

Boranes and Marthesia abandoned

themselves to an extreme affliction, which brought them to the grave, a violent fever seized Boranes, all the art of Esculapius, and our care could not relieve him from it, he was soon reduced to the point of death.

Cloe, said he to me in this extremity, you foretold to me when I took you away what has happened to me this day. You mock the Gods said you, they will avenge themselves upon you, I perish on the element which favoured my crime; may celestial vengeance content itself with my devoted life! Let Arses be spared, he is innocent! O Cloe, be forever generous; do not render Arses unhappy; a secret melancholy preys upon him, which he labours in vain to conceal,

the eyes of a tender father are penetrating; I have never discerned in those of Arses that pure and tranquil joy proceeding from success in love; but notwithstanding the apprehensions this has given me, I relied upon you with an entire confidence, when you arrive in Greece you may abandon Arses; will you do so? Ah! Cloe, satisfy me.

I was about to answer Boranes, yet I know not very well what I could have said to him; but the emotion with which he spoke greatly advanced his last request, he expired in our arms.

What I have told you of Arses, my dear Ismena, ought to have let you know his heart. Think what he felt for the loss of a father by whom he had

been so tenderly beloved. The last opinion of Boranes drove him to despair. I did all I could to prevent its effects, I even employed my innocent careffes which alone could appease him. Had it not been for the powerful diversion that love had made in the heart of Arses, he had yielded to his grief. Marthesia abandoned herself to an excess of sorrow, she survived Boranes but eight days. I sincerely lamented them both, I mingled my tears with those of Arses, I forgot all the woes that Boranes had caused me to suffer. There are hearts not formed for resentment.

The captain of the ship permitted us to embalm the bodies of Boranes and Marthesia ; but one day that we had un-

dergone a terrible tempest, he came to us, saying, the sudden death of Boranes and Marthefia, is looked upon by the passengers as a judgement for some crime they had committed, they believe that their bodies will bring down the wrath of the Gods upon the ship; they therefore are resolved to have them thrown into the sea, I am come to inform you of it.

Ah! rather let them throw me therein cried Arfes, I will die if they prevent me from paying the last duties to these sacred remains of a tender father and mother; but let us go and expostulate with these cruel wretches, let us shame them out of their barbarity, or at least let us per-

swade them by interested motives; what would I not endure to move their hearts?

Be not thus transported, my lord, replied the captain, submit to their power, do not undertake to remove superstition from weak minds, it never yet was attempted with success, I am your friend, I am going to prove myself such, behold that island which is at so little distance from us, you shall land thereon, I will say that you are gone thither to buy the bodies of Boranes and Marthesia. You shall be accompanied only with your wife, and your two slaves, you shall build a pile behind that great rock, you shall burn the bodies, collect their ashes, and bring them hither, no one will have

the least suspicion, I will hinder any person from going out of the ship; you may honour in Greece the mournful objects of your piety and love.

Arfes thank'd the Phenician captain with transports, he offered him rich presents which he refused. We landed on the island, the two slaves carried the bodies of Arfes's father and mother, the rock hid us, we gathered aromatic herbs in which the island abounded; we ended at last their funeral rites. Arfes collected the ashes which were so dear to him, he put them in a little urn of agathy, adorned with diamonds, which we had brought from Ogyris, we returned to our ship; but what was our

astonishment! it was already under full sail, at a great distance from us.

Nothing could equal our consternation, we were some moments without power to speak. Well! cried Arses, I am doomed to heap misfortunes on your head, I shall at last entirely ruin you, let me prevent it by my death! you will not then be involved in the dangers that pursue me.

Do not suffer yourself to be cast down interrupted I, would you receive lessons of fortitude from a woman? I do not blush at what you look upon as a weakness, replied Arses, is it for myself I fear? no, death doth not intimidate me; I desire it; but I fear all for you. Alas! Cloe, if you knew the agitations of a

heart alarmed for what it loves! this island is unknown to us; is it not inhabited by barbarians? shall I expose you to their fury? shall I leave you here alone? we must however endeavour to reconnoitre the places round about us. Let us send our two slaves there for that purpose, said I, we are assured of their fidelity, they will bring us an exact report, we will wait for them at the foot of this mountain, the slaves obey'd me, and went to a town which was not far off.

We discoursed together however of our misfortunes: I know, said Arses to me, that there were perfidious men enough in the world; but I did not believe my dear Cloe, that there were any inhuman enough to abandon

you thus; that the traitors should sacrifice me to the desire of enriching themselves, I am not surprized; sordid interest is the motive of fraud, and the sovereign of mean souls; but could not they expose me alone to perish in this island and carry you to Greece? I should have willingly redeemed the least of this your sufferings with my fortune and my life.

I could only answer the discourse of Arses with tears; when we saw approaching us a woman of most astonishing beauty. I took her for Thetis: she had the majesty of a goddess; she was clad in a uniform green robe, she appeared to be about forty years of age, but the graces of the most blooming youth could make no addition to her charms! she was

one of those forms which never change: eyes sparkling with vivacity join'd to an air of generosity and candour are the shafts of immortality. In such forms as these we behold a ray of divinity. I ran towards Mirril (for that was the name of the person whom I took for a goddess;) I threw myself at her feet, and implored her succour: she raised me: how great is your error, cried she! I am a mortal like yourself; but I perceive you are a stranger, and I shudder at the reflexion, follow me; that house which you see yonder is my own, you shall there be safe, and I will there inform you of the danger from which I deliver you.

We followed Mirril, and presently arrived at her house, a noble simplicity

reign'd throughout the dwelling, the apartments, the furniture, every thing seem'd made for convenience, not for pleasure, yet all was pleasing, and while we thought we saw nothing but what was necessary, we found what was abundantly superfluous, because nothing here was lavishly profuse ; Mirril had disposed the whole with a great deal of taste, it is better to satisfy our desires, than to be fatiated before we desire.

We enter'd a parlour decorated with the finest paintings, some of which represented those mortals who had distinguished themselves, by exercising the laws of hospitality, or in doing good to their fellow-creatures. In others we saw that generous race of men, who having it in their pow-

er to indulge their just revenge, had only heaped benefits on their enemies.

Our taste affords a true picture of our minds, all that we saw convinced us of the character and disposition of Mirril; we could not think of her too favourably.

'Tis doubtless some fatal accident, says Mirril, that has brought you to this island; the condition in which I found you induces me to think so, tell me whether I have guessed right. 'Tis not from a motive of idle curiosity, but for your own interest that I ask you the question.

We related in a few words to Mirril, the history of our misfortunes; she seemed concerned when she heard that we had sent our two slaves to the city. O hea-

vens! what have you done, exclaimed she, or rather what have I done myself! why did I not come sooner to the sea-side? I might have prevented your imprudence, judge whether I have not reason to be alarmed.

The inhabitants of this island practise the barbarous custom of sacrificing to their Gods all those who are thrown upon their coast, whether by tempest, or any other accident. They imagine them to be guilty wretches pursued by heaven, and that they must give them up to its vengeance to execute which they themselves must be the ministers.

An opinion absurd as this is surprizes you: but of what is not a false zeal for religion capable? To avoid offending the

Gods, these people become inhuman and criminal, it ought to excite your pity. Fear debases the soul, and weakens the mind, it is notwithstanding necessary, without it we might be every day the victims of barbarity.

Those strangers, who come voluntarily into the island, are very graciously received ; they exercise towards them the laws of hospitality, so true it is that error creates a monstrous contrariety of opinion. I have felt their rage, my own woes engage my concern for those of others, my heart is open to compassion for the wretched, my whole endeavours are to alleviate and redress them, 'tis with this design that I have built this house on the borders of the sea ; I have

gained the esteem of the inhabitants of the island, but they would not spare me if they knew that I do not think like them: for to those who are blinded and misled by prejudice, it is the greatest of crimes to be enlightened.

Do you see that high mountain, it appears inaccessible; the multitude of its caverns renders it horrible: you will there however find an agreeable retreat, I will conduct you thither by a tract known only to myself; never did nature form a more enchanting situation: the unfortunate persons whom I have saved have laboured to embellish it, I have furnished them with the means. It was occupied eight days ago by two Thessalians; but a ship having passed by our island they

embark'd on board of it; you will have the same good fortune, if your slaves don't betray you. But if they say that you are in the island, you will be fought for, and will not perhaps be able to profit by the first favourable opportunity: let us go however and provide for your safety.

Mirril was alone in her house; she had neither slaves nor domesticks, they would have revealed her secrets: fordid minds know little of fidelity.

We followed Mirril into a cavern formed by the mountain, and which was contiguous to her house. After having travelled for some time in darkness we gained the entrance of the path which leads hither. Mirril had taken care to conceal

it with stones which she had artfully heap'd one upon another within and without: we ascended, I know not whether this secret tract has been made by art or nature, but it is exceeding easy.

Our surprize was extreme on seeing the charms of this dwelling. You have as yet seen but a part of it, on the other side of the grotto you will see flowery parterres, shady walks, delightful arbours, and all the mingled beauties of art and nature. These points which are formed on one side by the rocks, and on the other by the mountains, which surround us, conceal us from all eyes. This retreat seems as if intended for an asylum for those who are pursued by the rigour of a cruel destiny. This grotto is of

such an extent as you have not perceived, it leads to apartments hollowed out of the rock, wherein are to be found by the care of Mirril all the conveniencies you can desire.

Mirril withdrew from our acknowledgements: true generosity exacts no such returns, but our hearts were but the more affected. Mirril came to see us every day; when she had a mind to stay with us all night, we spent it in listening to her, we were never tired of her conversation; she gave us the history of her life, but I had rather she should recount it to you herself, my recital must needs already appear tedious.

How! interrupted Ismena, shall we then see the adorable Mirril? Yes, re-

plied Cloe, I hope she will return this evening, I have not seen her these two days ; she will be overjoy'd to find you here, she knows you, my dear Ismena, and can she be unacquainted with Agenor, since she knows all the secrets of my heart ?

We have been a month in this spot ; the pure and serene air we breathe here, the assiduities of Mirril in attending upon us, the respectful services of Arses, all these ought to have render'd my condition happy : but what happiness can we experience, at a distance from those we love ? Arses said often to me, my dear Cloe, if you loved me, you would esteem this place above any other in the world, you would never quit it ; how

many days might we pass here agreeably? Envy and malice would not be able to reach us; to the disgrace of human kind I speak it, solitude is preferable to their society. We might here enjoy the united sweets of friendship, love and virtue.

Artes was not contented with presenting me with this delightful picture, he sought to inspire my soul with those tender agitations which his own underwent: I punished him for the slight favours he forced from me, Mirril was often obliged to obtain his pardon; she would even have rendered me sensible of Artes's passion; but she did not condemn me, as she well knew that love is an involuntary crime.

I was notwithstanding overwhelmed with grief, I thought of nothing but retiring to Athens, and beholding once again all that I loved, I durst not flatter myself with this hope, Mirril and Arses encouraged me to entertain it, they were affected with my sorrows. At length one day we saw a ship arrive, Mirril was not then with us, she came however in a little time, she told us that the ship we had seen belonged to some Greeks, and was returning to Greece. My joy was no less extreme than Arses's affliction, but he concealed it from my observation.

It was not without the most lively regret that I prepared to leave Mirril, I signified it to her: I am sensible of your

concern, said she, I know its value; the majority of those who profess friendship know nothing of it, they only seek their own satisfaction; I will equal you in this respect, by making the cruel effort of parting from you: the captain of the ship, must be spoke with to take you on board. Part of the jewels which Arses has preserved, will secure you his favour; I cannot charge myself with this commission, lest I should be suspected of a plot which would defeat your intentions. Your slaves have submitted to be sacrificed rather than betray you. The island is large and populous: Arses will not be known to be a stranger; those who have inhabited this mountain have been saved in this manner. When

Arfes has gained over the captain, and has learned the day of his departure, he must prevail with him to bring his ship to the foot of the rock: but let him be careful to conceal the misfortune that brought you hither. A prudent caution is always necessary, few are to be trusted without it. Come then Arfes, continued Mirril, I will conduct you to the city; on the other side you will find the ship I mentioned to you.

Arfes took his leave of me as affectionately as if he had been to leave me for ever: I underwent in my turn a swoon which surprized me; I conceived from it a dismal omen; I would have deferred the enterprize till the next day; Mirril told me that it might then per-

haps be too late. Arses promis'd to be with me by the close of the day, I embraced him tenderly, he set out with Mirril,

I could not reflect upon the dangers to which I had exposed Arses, without shedding tears. I was all day in a violent agitation. I saw the sun disappear and hide itself in the sea, and no Arses returned ; I spent the whole night in the place where the road ends which leads to the island ; the least noise made me tremble, my fears were but too well grounded. The next day I saw Mirril return, she was alone : alas ! Mirril, cried I, what is become of Arses ?

What ! replied she, is not Arses here ? how you alarm me upon his account !

he may have been recogniz'd, perhaps he is still with the Greek captain. No, said I to Mirril, Arses is no longer master of his fate, he would else have preferred to every thing the pleasure of being with me. O, benevolent Mirril ! do not forsake Arses.

What can I do for him, replied Mirril ? you know I cannot save his life if he is ordained to perish ; but compose yourself, we sometimes dread those misfortunes which never befall us, and this apprehension is a real woe. I am going to the city, I am in hopes of returning to you with good news.

It was the day before yesterday that Mirril talked to me in this manner, and left me : I have wandered about this

place since her departure reflecting on my unparallel'd sufferings. The storm to night obliged me to shelter myself in the cave, my senses were oppressed, repose nevertheless fled from me; I thought I saw every moment the tender Arles expiring under the fatal knife and not daring to reproach me with his death.

As soon as the sky became serene, and day appeared, I went out of the cave: what a spectacle have I just beheld! I have seen your ship wreck'd; I was bewailing the unhappy wretches who struggled ineffectually with the waves, when I perceived you. You fixed my attention, I saw your endeavours to ascend this rock, and though I knew not it was you, I offered up my prayers in

your behalf, which a sentiment of humanity dictated to me; but how soon was the motive changed! You arrived here, I saw you, I saw likewise Agenor, but I could not believe my eyes or my heart.

My mind, said I to myself, has been these two days in such disorder, and my spirits so depress'd, that I am under an illusion; I was nevertheless seized with such a faintness, that I could not support myself; I leaned against a tree, it concealed me from your sight, you approach'd it, I then believed the transports of my soul. I was about to run towards you, my dear Ismena, I saw you fall down deprived of sense; I saw the de-

spair of Agenor, I knew his love for you; the concern I underwent on that account would have reduced me to the same condition in which I saw you, but love and friendship supported my strength; it was requisite I should save Agenor from his own fury, it was requisite I should succour you, the Gods have favoured my designs, they have prolonged my days to preserve yours, I hope they will now end my woes and my life together.

It was thus that Cloe related her misfortunes, she did not exact of Ismena to tell her in return the reason of her being with Agenor; she was interested in the secrets of her friend, but she did not request a recital, true friendship is

not indiscreet. Cloe did not dare to believe that Ismena had betrayed her. An honest mind is a stranger to injurious suspicions. She attributed to an invincible inclination the love she had seen Ismena express for Agenor, she would have spared her the dangerous confession.

Ismena saw the generosity of her friend, she was affected with it: my dear Cloe, said she, you do not reproach me as I appear to deserve, I should upbraid myself enough if I was guilty; but if the Gods have implanted in our hearts like sentiments, if the sympathy which unites us, inspires us with the same interests, and the same passions, how should I avoid loving Agenor? my love for him, arose only from yours,

the confidence you imparted to me, suspended the confession I was about to make to you, and obliged me to combat with my inclination, I have avoided Agenor, and have seen with regret his growing passion, I have endeavoured to suppress it, I have sacrificed to you my lover and my love.

Agenor discouraged by my rigour quitted Athens, a little after your departure, he returned thither when some pirates having carried me away, his love induced him to share my chains, my own has let me know my own weakness, but the Gods have supported me, I am still worthy to enter the temple of Diana, but let us return to Athens; I will there consecrate myself to the goddess; and

if Agenor loves me, he will unite himself to you, you are the dearest portion of my soul.

Agenor could scarcely retain the transports of his grief during the discourse of Ismena: Cloe took notice of it; for pity, Agenor, said she, do not aggravate my sufferings; I promise you not to increase yours, leave to me the care of your happiness, I will not abuse the friendship of Ismena, I will not be behindhand with her; but let us go out of this cave, the freshness of these charming places invites us to take a turn about them, may the Gods bring hither presently Mirril and Arses!

Ismena and Agenor followed Cloe, Agenor led his two admirers by the

hand; he was obliged to behave with equal circumspection to both of them, his fate depended on it; if his eyes strayed towards Ismena, she presently sent them back to Cloe; if he gazed on Cloe, love recalled him instantly to Ismena; they took a view of the mountain, Cloe pointed out to them all its beauties. Night obliged them to return to the cave, when they perceived Mirril: Cloe exulted with joy at the sight of her, she ran to meet Mirril, and found her melancholy and dejected. Cloe felt her fears for Arses redoubled, she remain'd motionless, she sat down at last on the turf which surrounded the cave. Mirril fearful of overwhelming her, would have diverted her grief awhile, she asked her

who were Agenor and Ismena, she was informed by themselves; they told her how they came upon this mountain. Cloe heard nothing, she was in a profound reverie.

At length said she in a trembling voice, I have then occasioned the death of Arses, the generous Arses is doubtless sacrificed, you would spare me the horrid tale, ah! Mirril strive not to hide it from me, I see the fate of Arses written in your eyes, fear not to give me this deadly blow, my misfortunes cannot be augmented; the Gods have already exhausted all their indignation on me.

You are to blame, child, interrupted Mirril, to accuse the Gods: they have conducted hither Ismena and Agenor, to

console you for the death of Arses: he is no more, I am too much affected with his death to conceal it from you, listen to the mournful circumstances.

Two days after I left you, I went down to the city, I there learned that a young stranger, who had secreted himself for some time in the island had been discovered by a woman who was going to be sacrificed, and that they had carried him to prison.

I was immediately alarmed for Arses, I went to the prison, the doors were always open'd to me, I was known to take delight in consoling the unhappy criminals; I found Arses therein, I embraced him tenderly, tears of joy and grief ran down the cheeks of Arses; he began a discourse

which he broke off a thousand times, he enquired every moment whether Cloe was safe ; the assurances I gave him that she was so, the recital of Cloe's concern on his account, gave him great satisfaction, the reflection that he was about to lose her for ever afflicted him severely : when he had a little recovered himself, madam, said he to me, I am destined to fall a victim to love. We must submit to our lot ; learn by what fatality you find me here.

I left you yesterday at the gate of the city, when I had entered it, I saw a multitude of people assembled, and was inform'd they were going to sacrifice to Neptune some strangers, whom the tempest had cast upon their island, I never-

theless saw compassion in the countenances of all the spectators of this horrid show; these people said I to myself abandon themselves with reluctance to the fanaticism which inspires them, they have not the resolution to listen to humanity which pleads within their hearts, whence is it alas, that error and superstition should thus stir up a thousand woes to disturb the harmony of nature! Happy should we be were we to listen to the voice of her, who has implanted in our souls the love of our fellow creatures!

I was notwithstanding hurried along by the crowd, we came to the place of execution. I would have gone away that my eyes might not be tortured with such a cruel sight, when I saw among the

wretches who were to be sacrificed, a woman whom I fancied I could recollect, nor was I mistaken, it was Amestris, she saw me, and suddenly freed herself from the hands of the priest; she ran to me, and seizing me in a transport of rage, barbarous wretch! exclaimed she, art thou come to glut thy eyes with my blood? wouldst thou be a witness of my sufferings? 'tis you who have brought me to this fatal end; the furious zeal of these people will be justified by my death; I have merited celestial vengeance, and have only escaped the tempest to suffer in a more cruel manner; but you ought to perish with me; you alone was the cause of my guilt, had it not been for your barbarous insensibility,

I had not been perfidious or a parricide; what treachery did I not employ to possess you, and what a dreadful revenge did I practise when I had lost all hopes! I sacrificed Arbaces with a view of destroying you and all your family, I quitted Persia, and pursued you with the same intent; but I have it still in my power to accomplish it. I will not allow my hateful rival to enjoy either Arses, or that day-light which is going to be for ever excluded from my sight. Attend, ye people, continued Amestris: this young man is a stranger; doubtless a fate like mine has thrown him upon your coast. He would not have come hither of his own accord, if he had I should have seen the ship which brought

him. Arses is not here alone ; he failed from Ogyris with his father, his mother, and his wife, let them all die : you cannot offer up a sacrifice more welcome to your Gods.

During the discourse of Amestris all eyes were turned upon me ; a most profound silence was the effect of the universal astonishment, I took advantage of it to exhort the people to consider with themselves, and to set aside with horror their barbarous custom ; I would have excited their compassion in favour of Amestris. I excused her, I saw all their minds disturbed ; but the high priest ordered the victim to be brought to the altar ; thither likewise they conducted me. Amestris far from being appeased,

was offended at my pity: why cannot I see the breast of my rival pierced, said she to me? but I will torment ye both in the infernal regions; I die content, I am revenged, you will quickly follow me, and to enhance your misery you will regret the loss of life because you once was happy.

Amestris had scarcely time to finish these words, when she received the deadly blow; they were obliged to repeat it; her soul recoiled with horror at sight of the torments that were prepared for her; the entrails of Amestris and her heart still panting, were burnt upon the altar, I stood so near it, that some of the blood flew upon me. All mine was chilled in my veins: I shed tears

of sincerity for my cruel enemy, nothing can expel compassion from a generous mind.

After Amestris they sacrificed Meroë, and two Persians who had saved themselves at the same time with them from shipwreck. I expected death without fear, my heart had nothing to reproach itself with, it was not torn by remorse, death deprived me of no blessing, I had been inured to misfortune. In such a situation we quit life with pain. My soul was taken up with the only object that occupied it incessantly; our passions exert themselves with greater influence at the approach of death. I conjured the sun to protect Cloe, and to shield her from the cruel stroke that threatened me.

The high priest approached me, I presented my bosom to the knife which he still held in his hand: no, said he to me, we will not sacrifice you to day. Let him be carried back to prison, continued he, he must declare to us where he left the companions of his misfortune.

In vain did I protest I was alone, they conducted me hither, and you see plainly, madam, that I shall suffer the most cruel death rather than endanger the life of my dear Cloe. Inform Cloe, added Arses, of the sentiments I carry with me to the grave, and tell her, that I wish for her sake that all the love I bore to her, may after my death be transmitted to the heart of Agenor.

Arfes thus expressed his lively gratitude towards me; I was unable to answer him, my sighs prevented my utterance. I at length told Arfes that I was going to make one last effort to save him. I left him, and hasten'd to the queen's palace, what did I not say to that princess in favour of Arfes? I described to her his generous mind, his amiable form, the queen was moved in his behalf; I read it in her eyes, nevertheless I could obtain nothing. She told me she could not infringe the laws, and advised me to apply to the king, but it was too late to speak to him. Arfes was not to be examined till the next day. I laid all night in the city; as soon as morning dawned I returned

to the prison: imagine my grief when they told me that Arses expired in torments during the night, and that his body had been thrown into the sea.

I never could have believed that my soul so long accustomed to misfortunes, would have been so sensible as it was at that moment. But how could I forbear to lament the loss of Arses? his virtues endear'd him to me, can there be a stronger motive for esteem!

Cloe interrupted every moment with her sighs the recital of Mirril: she seemed to be ready to expire with grief; they carried her into the cave, where she was seized with a violent fever: her life was three days in the utmost

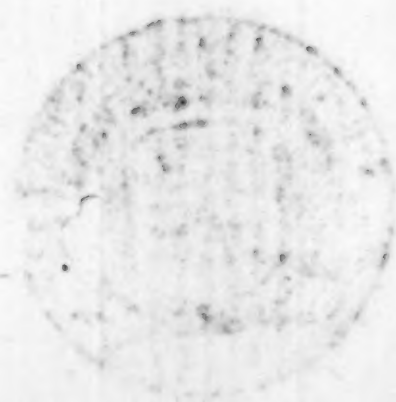
danger. Ismena in despair at seeing her friend's wretched situation, resolved not to leave her, she exacted all the tenderest care of Agenor in behalf of Cloe; he could refuse nothing to Ismena.

Cloe saw with satisfaction all the assiduity of Agenor; love loses nothing that can soothe it. The soul is an enemy to grief; which is the reason that it so readily entertains hope; continually divided betwixt love and friendship, that of Cloe was open to every sentiment of tenderness and joy: Cloe's agitation enhanced by grief and despair at length subsided; her health gained ground every day, but it was requisite to divert her concern for Arses, which whenever

she indulged she would fall again into a deadly languor and stupefaction.

Ismena and Agenor were not less to be pitied than Cloe: Agenor was an insurmountable obstacle to his passion. Ismena deprived him of all hopes, she even avoided being alone with him; the soul of Ismena was cruelly tortured: in the combats we engage in against love, the conqueror pays dear for his victory.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



It indulged the world fall again into a
dearly language and superstition.

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End of the First Volume.



